

THE
AMOROUS
WARRE.
A
Tragi-Comœdy.

By J. M. St. of *Ch. Ch.* in O x o n.

Ovid. Lib. 1. Amor.

Militat omnis Amans; Et habet sua Castra Cupido.

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The PERSONS.

Archidamus.	<i>King of Bithynia.</i>
Barfene.	<i>His sister.</i>
Lyncestes }	<i>Two old Lords.</i>
Polydamus }	
Theagines. }	<i>Two young Lords their sons.</i>
Meleager. }	
Orythia.	<i>Wife to Theagenes.</i>
Thalæstris.	<i>Wife to Meleager.</i>
Menalippe. }	<i>Their women.</i>
Marthesia. }	
Callias. }	
Neander. }	<i>Three young Courtiers.</i>
Artops. }	
Eurymedon.	<i>King of Thrace.</i>
Roxane.	<i>His sister.</i>
Clytus. }	<i>Two of his Lords,</i>
Hippocles. }	
Macrinus. }	
Lacero. }	<i>Three common souldiers.</i>
Serpix. }	
Pistoclerus.	<i>A Newes spreader.</i>
Two men }	<i>Cittizens.</i>
Two women }	
Two Priests.	
A Drummer.	

The Scene.

BITHYNIA.

(1)
THE
AMOROVS WARRE.
A
Tragi-Comoedy.

ACT: I. SCEN: I.

*After a Warlike sound of Drummes and Trum-
pets within ; Enter*

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call: **H**ere's a sweet change of *Times* ; I, who had wont
To have my boy sing me asleep between
My Mistresse Armes and charme mee every Night
Into a soft *Elysium* with his voyce,
Have beene this weeke kept waking with this *Musick* ;
If this hold foure dayes more, I shall be fit ,
Like *Blackbirds*, to be whistled to, and taught,
Out of meere tamenesse, to learne *Tunes*. *Neand*: I doe
Observe a certaine kind of *Copulation*
Twixt *sound* and *sound*. This *noyse* hath *sexes* in it.
The *Drummers*, and the *Trumpetters* , and *Fifes*,
Make the *Male noyse* o'th Streets; The *Womens* cries,
Loud shriekes, & howlings, make the *Female*. Between them
A strange, ambiguous, confus'd roare's begot ,
Much like the *fall* of *Nilus*, where the waters
Make All that dwell neare deafe. *Art*. My lodging stands
I'th' *Middle Region*; Gentlemen, I lye

A 2

Every

Every Night in a *Storme*, and every Morning
 Do rise in perfect *Thunder*; Then my sleeps
 Are but my dayes feares, which do walke; and then
 Present themselves in *Visions*. Two Armies usually
 Joynè Battle in my *Dreames*; where I behold
 Thine, His, My Braines knockt out. And when I wake,
 Wonder to find my selfe with all my Limbs;
 Feele for my other Legge; suspect my eyes
 When they informe me I have both Armes.

Neand. I've slept but twice e're since the newes came that
Eurymedon was landed, And then I had
 The strangest *Dreames* too. My man found mee sealing
 My Curtaines for a fort; Killing my Pillow;
 And entring Duel with my Breeches. Last night
 Me thought wee Three (pray Heaven avert the Omen)
 Were shut up here ith' City, and besieg'd thought
 By th' Hangings of my Chamber. *Call:* How? *Neand.* Me
 The *Trojan* faces were all turn'd to *Thracians*.
 And in this Siege, I dream't, that You, and Hee,
 Forc'd by the Famine, were resolv'd to be
 My *Cannibals* and eat mee *Art:* I doe feele,
 One of my Surloynes going. *Call:* Well, what followed?

Neand: At last you cast Dice on my Body, which
 Part should be eaten first; And after all
 Concluded on my Head, and Purtenance. (men,

Call: These are the fruites of Theevery: Thus 'tis Gentle-
 When Kings can't Love the common way, but must
 Needs couple without Friends consent, and draw
 A Hue and Crye of fourty thousand after 'em.

Neand: True, *Callias:* I doe maintain that Armies
 Plundering of Townes and ravishing of Virgins,
 As naturally follow a good Face
 Stolne, as this was, as Aches doe your Wenching,
 Or as your Taylor, *Artops*, followes you
 With an old Bill unclear'd. *Art:* There surely is

An unknowne Pleasure in all Matrimony
Which carries danger with it. Else, why should Men
So itch to steale their Wives? Our Neighbour Troy
Is, Gentlemen, a sad example. If

This prove a *Smock-Warre* of some ten yeares long;

Or if *Roxane* be the *Comet*, and

The burning of *Bithynia* the bright blaze

Which shee drawes after her, we cannot helpe it.

How stand you two affected to the Warre?

Call: Troth, I should like the Campe well, if the Fields

Did bring forth Feather-beds: Or if the Streames,

Like those oth' *Golden age*, did run pure Wine.

Or if Court Meales would every twelve, and seven,

Observe due howres. But, Gentlemen, to lye

Halfe starv'd with cold, ith' Aire on scarce fresh *Greensword*,

Just so match earth to earth; And then to live

The Life of Nature; or, as some doe call it,

The life oth' Hardy; Quench my thirst at the

Next Spring, or Fountaine; Coffin up my selfe

Each night in Turfe; and thence come forth like one

Of *Cadmus* Souldiers, sown of *Serpents Teeth*,

And start forth armed from a furrow, is

A course, I feare, I shall leave to the valiant. (*troope on*,

Nean: And then the dangers. *Art*: True *Nean*. Here comes a

And you in honour can't but loose an eye.

An Engine there goes off, and you will show

Your selfe a Coward unlesse you loose an Arme.

Here y'are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring

More then one shoulder off. Gentlemen, Consider

What a Discredit 'tis to have a Nose

After a Battle; Or to walke the Streets

On your owne legs. *Art*: I feele my selfe, already

Partly compos'd of Flesh, partly of Wood.

Methinkes I swing betweene two Crutches, like

One hang'd in Chaines, and tost by th' Winde, I looke

The Amorous Warre.

Within this weeke , to be but halfe the Thing
You see me Now ; The rest lopt off ; And I
Slic'd into Reputation. *Call:* I doe perceive
Your discreet disaffection to the Warre.

Neand: 'Tis but a wise care of our safety ; Nature
Bids us preserve our selves. *Art:* But how *Neander*,
How, without losse of fame , can we avoid
To accompany the King ? *Neand:* Why, breifly thus.
The *King* intends to send the *Princesses*
Over to the *Island* as the safer place.
And will assigne a thousand for their Guard.
Let's get our selves enroll'd ith' Number ; so,
Besides security, Wee shall enjoy
The Company o'th Ladies. *Art:* Right; And in
The absence of their Lords. *Call:* Peace, here they come.

SCÆNA II.

*To them Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Oritbya, Thale-
stris, Polydamas, Lyncestes, Theagins, Meleager.*

Arch: You see your Nuptials, *Bright Roxane*, and
What choyce y'have made. I thought to have brought you to
A Court and Palace, Where your entertainment
Would have beene only Songs of Virgins; Posts
Crown'd and adorn'd with Gyrlands; Sacrifices
Striving to make our Streets but one perfume;
And taking from our sight our Temples, with
The numerous Clouds of Incense which they scatter,
And send forth from their breathing Altars, And
No other sounds heard but my Peoples shout,
And acclamations for your wisht arrivall.
But you perceive y'are landed in a *Campe*,
And your first step upon the shore proves to you
A most unnaturall Seige. If for a *Brother*

Thus

The Amorous Warre

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Thus to pursue a *Sister* be unnaturall.

Roxan: Had you had his Consent, Sir, and no storme
Follow'd your transportation of me from
His Court to yours, but had you, undisturbed,
Untroubled, in the progresse of your Love,
Proceeded to the *Temple*, There joyn'd hands,
And marcht the common way of Princes where
All that's requir'd to make the Wedding Day
Solemne, are Tapers, Banquets, Revels, Musicke,
'T had beene a Dreame, no Marriage; our soft Joyes
Would have lost both their edge and appetite.
That which you call unnaturall in my Brother,
I looke on as a favour; Thanke him for
The Argument he lends mee to expresse
How much more Deare your Dangers make you to mee.
Beleeve mee, Great *Archydamus*, the fire
You kindled in my heart, when in those still,
Quiet, silent nights you first did wooe mee, was
But a weake Sparke, compar'd to the large Flame
Which this Warre kindles in mee. I behold
Now a new amiableness in You; And
Looke on you through this Tempest, which is ray'd
For my sake, as one made more Lovely to mee.
And with the same content doe take delight
To mingle Sufferings, as Nuptials with you.
Nor should I thinke my selfe your Queene, unlesse
With the same equall Minde, I could goe halfe
In perils, as in Kingdomes with you. *Arch.* Still
You do speake like your selfe, *Roxane*, Still
Breath words, which sweeten Dangers, and provoke mee
To court them in their worst and dreadfull'st shape;
As things, without which, I should want fit Matter
To merit by, or some way make my selfe
Worthy of her for whom I undertake them.
Nor will I doubt of victory, where I

Have

Have such a brave *Inspirer*. Had I beene
 Borne cold, or sent into the World a Coward,
 Such a faire second, such a beauteous Cause,
 Would strike a valiant Heat into me; And
 Were my Sea cover'd with as many Shippes,
 As anchor'd before *Troy*; or should an Army,
 As vast, and numerous as his, who dranke
 Up *Rivers* in his passage, and joyn'd *Eurepe*
 To *Asia* with his fleet invade mee, I
 Assisted with your Virtues should not doubt
 But to return with Conquest. Who are these? *Enter Eurim.*
Clit. Hipp.

Lyncest Th' Embassadors sent from the Prince of *Thrace*,
 To demand restitution of their *Princesses*.

Ar. Admit 'em to our presence. *Pol.* The King expects you.

SCÆNA III.

To them *Enrymedon*, disguis'd like an Em-
 bassadour, *Clytus*, *Hyppocles*.

Archid. We are now prepar'd to hear your Embassy;
 Your Prince's pleasure? *Clyt.* By us, *Archidamus*,
 With all the freedome which an injur'd Prince
 Can use towards Him that wrong'd Him; He lets you know,
 That 'tis no thirst, or covetous Ambition,
 T'enlarge his Territories, or to seeke conquest there,
 Where 'tis as easie for him to o'come
 Almost as say so, which hath provok't him
 Thus to invade your Kingdome; But a just sense,
 And apprehension of the blot, and staine,
 Which Annals and posterity (Besides
 The scorne oth' present Age) must stick upon
 His sluggish memory; if He coldly should
 Sleepe o're his Infamy; or let you breake
 The Lawes of Hospitality; and abuse

His

His Court, in carrying away a prize
More deare to him then his Kingdom, unrevenge'd.
For though you may pretend Love for your boldnesse,
Or say the *Princesse* was an *Actor* in
Her Amorous stealth, (which yet Hee much suspects,
And she must blush t'acknowledge) He saies, Herein
You doe but guild your Crime; For what you call
Affection, He calls *Rape*; And saies, He hopes,
You'l pardon Him, if He doe looke upon You,
Not as a *Guest*, but *Robber*; One that came not
To fetch a *Queene*, but to transport a *prey*. (Hee

Archid: Is this all? *Eurym*: He addes farther, that though
Confesse Himselfe inferiour to the loud
Fame of your *Sisters* Beauty; To which nought
Can be a Match but her owne vertues; yet,
When Hee lookes on the Story of his Ancestours,
From which he thinkes Hee hath not yet degenerated;
When hee considers (without boasting) that
He's borne to a Kingdome, to which yours hath beene
(Be't spoke without contempt) a *Tributary*;
But chiefly, when he searcheth his owne mind,
And findes nought Hostile there; but a pure fire,
Kindled from the report of the admir'd
Inflaming, rayes, diffus'd from her bright eyes,
He thinkes you trespassse against love, Sir, to
Obey an angry, conquer'd, old mans Will,
Made in the passion of his Overthrow,
Although your Father, and to refuse a suite
More noble, and open, then your owne; And whil'st
Y'are pious, shew your selfe revengefull too.

Hippoc: Briefly Sir, therefore whether it were force,
Or Combination, (For which to call it
He saies he knowes not) unlesse you will restore
His *Sister*, or repare him with your owne,
He saies, he is resolv'd either to fall

A willing sacrifice to his wrong'd Honour,
 Or build his unglad satisfaction on
 The Ruines of your Country. And to this
 He doth require your Answer. *Archid:* Were *Roxane*
 A *Hellen*, (as she's not in ought I know
 But her great Beauty) Or were I a *Paris* ;
 (Who find my selfe none but ith' numerous fleet
 Brought after me) Had I been entertain'd
 A Prince, by a Prince, Sir, at your Masters Court,
 And, in his absence, had first loosely tempted
 To my unlawfull bed, then stolne his Wife ;
 I do confesse 'twere just for him to cite
 The breach of Hospitality, and t'invoke
 The Gods of Weddings, and Marriages against me.
 And I, till I restor'd th' unlawfull prey,
 Should looke upon my selfe, not as a *Guest*,
 But *Ravisher*. But if I came a Suitor,
 And brought a flame as pure, as holy, as
 That which burnes on his *Altars* ; If the *Princesse*.
 Her owne free Empresse did vouchsafe to meet
 Mine with the like pure, amorous, equall fire :
 If I have since preserv'd her honour ; kept
 Her white, and spotlesse as a *Vistall* ; still
 Approach't her presence with the same religion
 As I would places consecrate, or Temples,
 Whil'st thus He doe's pursue my harmlesse Love,
 With Words farre more injurious then his Armies,
 With the like freedome You may tell Him, I'me
 The injur'd Prince. And though I grant his Father
 Once conquer'd mine, and wee paid Tribute, (which
 Hee does not nobly to upbrayd) It may be
 My turne to conquer next. Nor is the Bay
 Planted so firmly on his head, but that
 A good cause may remove it, and mak't mine.
 As for our close departure from his Court,

Which

Which he brands with the stile of *Rape* and *Theft*;
 You must assist me, Madam; was I your pyrate,
 Or Servant? Did I lead you away Captive,
 Or conspire with you? *Rox:* Sir 'twere one wrong more
 Offer'd to your vertues, And I should transgresse
 Against my cleare Affections, not to say,
 The plot was halfe mine, you did reveal your thoughts,
 With so much generous heat, so worthy of me,
 That I had no way left t'expresse my selfe
 As generous too, but to mix flame with flame;
 And to requite you with this poore returne,
 To make your Country mine; And there to thinke
 My selfe a Princeesse onely, where I might
 Call you my Prince. *Arch:* Then, for my Sister,
 I am no Tyrant like your Master, Sir,
 To claime a sway o're her Affections; Nor
 Doe count her Will ith' number of my Subjects.
 She has free Liberty to make her choice;
 And can best answer you. Onely she will,
 I hope remember, if there be a reverence
 Due to the words of dying Parents; Or if
 The last, short, breath were sacred, which bequeath'd her
 To th'Prince of *Thessaly*, she can't consent
 Vnto your Masters Suite, and not disturbe
 Her Fathers *Shade*, to call him from his *Urne*,
 To be a greiv'd Spectator of her Nuptials.

Barfen. Besides Sir, as a stranger to a stranger,
 Pray beare a *Princeesse* message to your *Prince*.
 Tel Him He comes not nobly, thus t'invaide
 Her whom he loves; or strive to make Her His
 By a forc't Conquest. He's the first I've read of
 Who Woo'd a Lady with an Army by;
 Or put a ponyard to his Miltrisse breast,
 And then desir'd t'apppeare gracious.
Wee looke for soster Courtships; Humble prayers;

Sighes

Sighes which confesse the Breather is our Captive.
 I have no Beauty to entice him to
 Lay down his forces. But if he come unarm'd,
 In Person, (For I doe not like *State Love*,
 Or to be woo'd by an *Embassadour*,)
 If He bring with him noble purposes,
 Such as my *Brothers* were, tell him, perhaps,
 I shall as nobly heare him. Meane time, his *Sister*,
 And I expect some penance from him, for
 Thus Troubling of our Peace. *Eur.* Doe you enjoyne
 The Chaine, or Fetters, 'twill be his glory Madam,
 To weare them as your prisoner,

Exeunt } *Eurym.*
 } *Clir. Hyp.*

SCÆNA IV.

Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Polydamas.
Lyncestes, Theagines, Meleager,
Orithya, Thalastris.

Archid: ----- Have you prepar'd
 The Ships, *Lyncestes*, to convey the *Ladies*
 Over to th' *Island*? *Lync:* They are ready Sir,
 And only doe expect their beauteous fraught.
 The *Ladies* Sir, will looke like *Goddesses*
 Borne of the Sea. *Archid:* And have you made, *Polydamas*,
 The *Castle* fit to entertaine them? *Polyd:* Sir,
 The *Ladies* lock't up in a *Brasen Tower*
 Were not more safe? 'Tis now a place where pleasure
 Dwels joyn'd with Strength. It only wants their presence.
 To be a *Fort* without, within a *Pallace*.

Arch: You are turn'd young againe, My Lords; you speake
 So amorously I do begin to doubt
 Whether you may be trusted with a charge

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So dangerously inflaming. *Polyd:* Sir, our sonnes
Can promise for us, we intend no sieges
Against their beauties, in your absence; All
Our Batteries to good faces were long since
Spent on their mothers. *Arch:* Wee dare venture you
Your sonnes, *Theagines* and *Meleager*,
Shall goe with us to the Field. *Rox:* And will you then,
Deprive mee of the Glory Sir, of being
A sharer in your dangers? I endur'd
The Sea with you; Why should you thinke I am
More timorous to endure the Land? *Arch:* Because
The Land's now more tempestuous then the Sea.
For that smiled on your passage; And the Waves,
As if they had teemed with a second *Venus*,
Or understood the sweetnesse of their burden,
Grew calme, serene, and *Halcyon*. But here
You will expose your selfe to Night Alarmes,
Day Battles; and runne hazards where the blinde
Sword can't distinguish 'twixt the fair and foule;
See men act Wolves parts, and behold a spectacle,
Not fit for your soft Sex, Men false, and dying,
Striving to kill their killers and depart
With mutuall slaughter. *Rox:* What difference is there
Betwixt the eye, and fancy, but onely this
That dangers to the Absent still shew greater?
When I make these descriptions of my selfe,
And thinke you in the midst, though no Spectatour,
I shall as truly suffer. My owne Thoughts
Of you will passe for Battles; And my feares,
Where e're you place mee, will be fights and sieges,
You could not deale more cruelly, should you
Restore me to my Brother, then thus divorce
Me from your Company. Besides, It is
My Cause you fight for; I've an interest
Going in the Warre; And will you, Sir, deny mee

The

The poore content of binding up your Wounds
 Received for mee? *Barf*: Madam, you'l give me leave,
 Here to strive with you; I've a Cause going too.
 Let me Sir, joyne in the request, that you
 Will take us with you. If there be no other
 Use of us, We'l help to put on your Armes,
 And take them off. *Meleag*: If our two Wives do joyne
 In the Petition, with their *Chambermaids*,
 They'l make a *Female Regiment*. *Theag*: I looke
 My Wife within these three dayes shall be *Knighted*.
Melag: And I that mine be made a *Collonel*.

Arch: Alas you know not what you aske; pray tell me,
 How would a Spear shew in your hand *Roxane*?
 Or *Sister*, How d'you thinke it would become you
 To weild a Pike? or weare a sword? Or how
 Could I looke on my selfe, but as a guilty
 Betrayer of you: if the chance of Warre
 Should snatch you from mee? Or you two be made
 Part of the Conquerours *Triumph*? Come; I have
 Provided gentler entertainments for you.
 Your wishes will supply your presence; and
 Put Wings unto my Victory. *Rox*. 'Tis part
 Of my love Sir, to be obedient.

Exeunt.

S C E N A V.

Theagines, Meleager, Orithya, Thalestris.

Theag: What? You expect we should be solemne now,
 And take a ceremonious farewell of you?

Oryth: We should not else thinke we have *civill husbands*;
 To leave us bluntly; or as *Souldiers* court
 Their *Mistresses*; who scarce do aske consent (selves
 But fall to th'businesse. *Mel*: Well, looke you show your
 Our

Our true *Wives* in our absence. If you should,
To ease retirement, and divert the *Melancholly*
Of *Solitude*, weave us a fine *Court Lawrell*
To Crowne our Victories at our returne—
You understand *Thalastris*? *Thal*: Sir, we hope
You are not jealous; you will place no Spies,
To register who visits us. *Theag*. No Lady;
But Stories speake of certaine strange things done,
By *Ladies* in th'absence of their *Lords*.

Thal: They speake Sir, of as strange things done by *Lords*
In th'absence of their *Ladies*. *Mel*: If we should
Slip from the Campe sometimes, and steale a night,
I hope you would not shut your Castle gates
Against us, would you? *Oryth* 'Tis as we heare report
Whither y'are valiant. I disdaine a Coward
Though 't be my *Husband*. *Thal*: And I. *Theag*: And in these
Stout, generous thoughts we leave you. *Oryth*: Looke I doe
Winne reputation by you. *Mel*: Farewell *Thalastris*.

Thal: Remember, Sir, You doe things worthy of mee.

Exeunt } *Theag*:
 } *Melcag*:

S C E N A VI.

To them Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call: Ladies, we have a small suite to you which
Concernes your selves. *Oryth*: 'Twill the more easily
Be granted, Sir what is't? *Neand*: 'Tis, that you'l speake
To th' King, we may stay, and be listd Guards
Vnto your persons in these times of Danger.

Art: 'Tis no plot Ladies, to decline the War;
But to doe service to you here at home;
And to defend you 'gainst Assaults. *Thal*: That, Sir,
The Fort will doe, and the strong Walls oth' Castle.

Call:

Call: Troth, Madam, we begge this in pittie to you.
How will you spend your Dayes, *Ladies* with *Ladies*,
And but two reverend old *Males* among you?

Neand: Either you must betake your selves to your *needles*,
And worke the Seige of *Troy* o're; or the Tragedy
Of *Hero* and *Leander*; in sad Stitches;
Or else betake your selves to your spindle, like
Penelope, and sing the adventures of
Your absent Husbands to a distaffe, and
Beguile the Houres in flax. *Call:* Or else you must
Hire some old, frosty, cold *Philosopher*,
To read on flower's t'you, every time you walke
Into the Garden, and convert their Colours
Into Your Lectures. Show You why the *Primrose*
Is pale, and why the *Marygold* is red. (consider,

Art: Then for your Nights—*Call.* True, *Ladies*, Doe but
How you will spend your Nights? *Art:* Watch how your
Forfaken, Taper wastes it selfe, and pines (lone,
Away, out oth' meere sense it hath to burne
So fruitlesly, till it consume it selfe (keep you
Into its owne Darknesse? *Neand:* Or shall your *Women*
Awake with amorous Tales? Troth, *Ladies* Story
Is a dead Thing, if not reduc'd to practise.
Say, to delude the tediousnesse oth' Night,
You should share ith' same bed. Two oth' same Sex;
Make but one in th' affaires of Love. *Thal:* We see
Y'have studied our case for us. Truth is, Gentlemen,
The lists are full already. *Orinth:* Besides, 'twould breed
Suspensions in our Husbands. So we leave you,

Exeunt.

Call: We are defeated, Gentlemen; *Neand:* what remedy?

Art: By that time they've layne fallow but three Nights
They will send after, and petition us. (on;

Call: Come let's prepare to goe with th' King. *Neand* Lead
Necessity breed's resolution.

ACT V S

ACTUS. II. SCÆNA I.

Enter severally two old Citizens frighted.

1 Cit. Oh Neighbour— 2 Cit. What's the newes. Sir?

1 Cit. Heavy newes, Oh Sir—

2 Cit. Out with it. 1 Cit. Neighbour, I doe look
Within this houre not to be worth a Spit,
Brasse pot, or a Childs whistle; or to be able,
To call this aged Sattin doublet mine.
In which I've borne five *Pratorships*. The enemy
Hath taken the *Island*, burnt the Castle, and (who scape,
The Ladies in't. 2 Cit. How? 1 Cit. One of their Guard
Heard six of 'em cry out for water. And
They are sailing towards the City. 2 Cit. I'le home presently,
And hide my money. It came from the Earth,
And shall a while thither returne againe. (They say)

1 Cit. That will not serve the turne. 2 Cit. Noe? 1 Cit. Noe;
There is one ship laden with nought but Engines
To torture those who doe refuse to tell
Where they have hid their Wealth. I feele my fingers
Already squeez'd 'twixt pincers; Irons hissing
At the soles of my feet; My body caught
Up into th'Aire by the *Strapado*, Trickes
Showne on my Limbs; My bones tost out of joint;
And finely tost, and rackt in joint again.

2 Cit. To prevent this, and to defeat their tortures;
I'le choose my owne death, and eene hang my selfe.

SCÆNA II.

To them enter two Women Citizens,

1 Wom. What pittie 'tis that such fine Ladies should
Have such untimely ends. 1 Cit. D'you heare? The newes
Is certaine; They are burnt. 2 Cit. I doe perceive it. (nies,
Pray Hearke. 2 Wom. They say Great people have their Desires

As well as Meaner. And they that are borne
Under a Watry Planet, to be drown'd,
Shall ne're dye in their beds. 2 *Cit*: Are then, the Ladyes
Drown'd, Gentlewoman? 2 *Wom*: Not cast away by wrack, sir.
It seemes the Enemy way layd the Shippes
That carryed 'em, and sunke 'em. 1 *Cit*: But is this certaine?

1 *Wom*: Most certaine Sir, my Husbands journeyman
Came just now from the Port, and saw ten of
Their bodies swim downe with the Tide. 2 *Cit*: And what
D'you heare oth' Enemies comming? 1 *Wom*: They have sent
A most strange Message to the city, Sir. (*Burgesse*)

1 *Cit*: What is't, I pray? 1 *Wom*: Why, Sir, that all rich
Must put themselves in Tribes; And in their chaines,
And scarlet Gownes, some three houres hence, must, in
A solemne, grave, proceffion, two, and two,
Your Officers before you, with their Maces,
T'enrich the entertainment, meet them at
Their Landing, where together with your chaines,
Yare to resigne the Keyes to all your chests,

2 *Wom*: And, then, for us; They do demand that all
Who are not rich but yet have handsome Wives,
Shall yeild them up. How do you thinke, Sir, will
The Souldiers deale with us, like Women? 1 *Wom*: I do
So feare their boisterousnesse. Will they, thinke you,
Strip us and leave us naked? Or be content
To ravish us, and let us goe? 2 *Wom*: Look, here

Doe's come my servant *Pistoclerus*: he *Enter Pistoc*
Can tell us more. What newes deare servant *Pist*: Fly, fly,
The Prince is overthrowne; The Ladies are
All taken Prisoners: The Enemy is enter'd
Halfe way into the city; Your two Houles
By this are ranfack't; I saw divers loads
Of Jewels, Plate, and Hangings, carryed out.

1 *Cit*: But good, but good Sir, is this true? *Pist*: Is my
Name *Pistoclerus*? 1 *Cit*: Yes, Sir. *Pist*: Then 'tis true.

Make

Make haste and save your Daughters, or they'll else
Be put to ransomes for their Maidenheads. (ever

1 *Cir*: We thanke you Sir. Come Neighbour. 2 *Cir*: Oh that
I did live to be rich, or see these Dayes.

Exeunt 2 Cir:

Pist: Your husbands too are seiz'd on, And are threatned
To be put to the Rack, unlesse they will (them.
Produce their Wives. 1 *Wom*: Wee'l make hast to releev

2 *Wom*: I take my leave; And shall be glad to see you
Sometimes ith' Suburbs Sir, *Pist*: I'll follow you.

Exeunt Women.

Pist: This is call'd *Comædy*, raised from *Tragædy*.
Never was City in such tumult, as
I have put this into. The women want
Nothing but speares, circled with Ivy, to hold
A perfect feast to *Bacchus*. And to beate
Their Pans, and Kettles, up and downe the streets,
Instead of Drums, and Cymbals. The men have all
Armed themselves with what came next to hand.
I saw a Troope of Butchers marching downe
Their Shambles with their Cleavers. After them
Follow'd a Regiment of Taylors with
Their Yeards, and Bodkins. In the reare, a Company
Of Shoemakers with Awles. Each trade takes Armes
Within its owne profession. Now will I follow
My Suburbe Mistresse, whose husband is content
To make one oth' fiftene of us; And doth
Connive by turnes. The tamest fellow, and
So little owner of his own Wife, that
He verily beleeves he Cuckolds us
When he lyes with her. Amongst us there is One
Maim'd Souldier, with one legge, who still payes double;
And goes to bed to her with a stirrope? 'Tis
The common'st, and the prating'st Varlet, she
Calls me her *Chærilus*, I her my *Lycoris*.

She makes me tell her newes whole dayes together;
Which I, her sponge, do sucke up in my travels
From Company to Company, and doe
Enlarge with my Additions, and Notes politicke;
And then as severally disperse; And so
Draw Custome to her House; which she cal's pay.

SCÆNA III.

Lyncestes, Polydamas.

Lync: This must needs be conspiracy; there is
A Riddle in't my Lord, which you and I
Cannot unfold. It must be Time, the Mother
Of Truth, which must expound this Mystery;
How should they draw their Fleet up else? By what
Instinct, or marke should they know so exactly
The Ship the Ladies were in, As if they
Had hung their Petticoats for sailes up, or
Had turn'd their Gownes to streamers? Single it out
From all the rest, and take 'em? As if one
Oth' Princesses had been a signe oth' Vessell,
And stood forth for the *Roxane*, or *Barsene*,
Instead oth' *Centaur*, *Andromeda*, or *Castor*?

Polyd. They did not bring a *Thracian* Prophet with them,
Or call *Tyresias* from the *Elysian* Groves,
To be their Oracle, to tell them justly
The Criticall Point, and Minute of our passage.
'Tis now just stealth for stealth; our King transported
One paire of black eyes, and they've seized a Carricke,
And Ship full of them. *Lync.* I will straight put to Sea,
In their pursuit. If they be not transform'd
Into *Sea-Nymphs*; Or hide their watry Deities
Mongst Eeles, and Dolphins, I will rescue them.

Polyd. 'Twill concerne me to stay here, and compose

Those

The Amorous Warre.

Those Frights oth' City; which this newes hath put
Into a posture of Confusion.

At your returne we will to th'King; And let
Him know the accident. Meane time, In hope
You'll bring them home true Ladies, as they went,
That's humane Ladies, purely made of Flesh;
Or else true *Mermaids*, that is, Ladies made
Halfe Fish, halfe Flesh, I'le stop all Messengers.
The newes will but disturbe his Victories.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter *Clytus* and *Hyppocles* with *Orithya*, *Thalastris*,
Menalippe and *Marthesia* like Amazon Captives,
shackled with Golden Fetters, and pinnion'd
with silken cords, two & two as in a Wood.

Clyt. Could you imagine you could carry your
Designe in clouds, and change your shapes, like Spirits,
And take what formes you please, and we not know it?

Hypp. Alas we had our plot going too; our spies
Gave us intelligence, where, when to seize you.
'Tis not unknowne to us, you called a Councell
Of Warre; in which, without your husbands knowledge,
You did resolve to put your selves in Armes,
And fight against us. We can tell you that
Roxane was to be your Generall;
Barsene Captaine of the Engines; You,
Lady *Ulysses*, were to command the Horse,
This Lady *Hector* the foot; and these two, here,
Were to be Scouts by Night, by day your Squires,
To beare your Targets after you. *Orith:* Y'have had
A noble Conquest of it, to surprize
A company of poore weake Women. Is this
The valour of your Nation, to proceed

By plot and stratagem 'gainst such as us?

Clyt. These are Warre Arts. *Thal.* Or is this noble usage,
To fetter us, and cast us into Chaines?

You could but Manacle your slaves thus. *Clyt.* We
Do but observe the Law of Armes towards those
Whom we do take in Armes. *Orith.* Does then the Law
Bid you keepe no distinction betweene Sexes?

Hypp. Yes, where the persons whom we conquer do.
But you have lost your priviledge; and put off
Your Sex for ours *Clyt.* We looke not on you now,
As vanquish't Ladies, but as vanquish't Captaines;
And so must use you. *Orith.* Alas, what's your intent?
Is't to enrich your selves with our poore spoyles?

Thal. If Plunder be your aime, pray take our Jewels;
Bestow them on your Mistresses, at your
Returne; And tell them how generously, how stoutly,
You purchast them; Say you betrayd the Wearers
First, and then rifled'em. *Orith.* Pray strip us; And
Let us redeem our Liberty with the
Poore ransome of our cloathes. *Clyt.* You are deceiv'd;
Our purposes are much more high, and noble
Then to raise booty from you, Theeves conquer so.
Our custome is, when wee take Prisoners, to
Lead them in Triumph through our *Thracian* streets;
Your Beauties, thus adorned, will save the charge
Of gilded Pageants, to entertaine the People.

Thal. Must we be made a show, then, to delight (welcome
Your wives and children? *Clyt.* How should they make us
At our returne else? *Hypp.* Could we take your fields,
And townes, and citties, and Rivers Prisoners too,
And could transport them with us, these we should
Make part oth' Triumph; but because we cannot,
What Nature makes impossible, we do
Supply with Art. And lead them painted; and
The Pencill doth present in colours, what

The Truth of Things denies. *Clyt.* Then for your persons,
Being our lawfull captives; 'Tis our custome
To give you to our Ladies, to be their slaves
In ordinary; To starch, and to belong
Unto their Laundries, and so we do divide
Our conquests with them. But because we will
Deale honourably with you, we intend
To use you as our other Wives; you shall
Be seconds in the pleasures of our Beds.

Hypp. I do presume such Warlike Ladies, as
Your selves, must have read *Homer*; you shall be
My *Briseis*, I your *Agamemnon*. *Clyt.* You
My *Chrysis*, I your stout *Achilles*; These
Two white she *Myrmidons* will serve to raise
A Breed between them and our Pages. *Orith:* Sir,
Have you a sense of Noblenesse? *Clyt:* Yes Lady,
And you shall find it. *Orith:* Finish your Conquest, then,
And take a life I'm weary of. I am
Your Prisoner, Let me be your slaughter too.

Thal: Shew your selves equally as valiant in
Our Death, as our Surprize. Take a fraile breath,
Which, to enjoy, with these conditions, will
Adde new weights to our Thraldome; and you will
Afflict us with our preservation.

Orith: By your owne Lady, Sir, if you have one,
Let me beseech you, kill me; 'Twill be farre
More noble then to love me. *Thal.* Every houre
We live your Captives, thus, will seem an age
Of Infamy. *Menal.* Madam, Let's stand upon
Our Naturall Defence; They are but two
Against us foure. *Marth.* Let's Mutiny, and by
Our owne swords free our selves. They've only
A Heart to take us trecherously like Theeves;
But dare not fight with us. *Clyt.* What would you do
Pretty Serjant Major Dam sell were you loose,

Who are thus valiant in your Shackles? Hypp. Now
You'l know your Doomes. Here comes our Prince with his
Faire brace of Prisoners.

SCÆNA V.

*To them Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene,
like Amazons, as in a Wood.*

Eurym:-----Y're the first Lady, Madam,
That e're yet bore such armes against her Lover.
I thought to find your Quiver in your Lookes,
Not hanging at your backe; and to encounter
No Shafts or arrows, but those bright ones shot
From your faire eyes. Thus doubly arm'd you have
Taken a course to make mee twice your Captive.

Barsf. You show, Sir, how you love me thus to stile
Your selfe the prisoner, of your prisoner.
Y're the first Prince I've read of, (If I may
Call you a Prince, who by this act have showne
Your selfe f' unlike one) who first did surprize
His Mistresse, and then Wooed her: Or bound her first,
Then told her that he loved her. Wilde *Salvages*,
And lustfull *Satyres* court thus: Who do know
No difference betwixt their Loves, and Rapes:
But call a rude force Kindnesse; Thinke th'are amorous
Ith' midst of violence; And call't Loves fire,
And flame, which is a soule intemperate heate,
Kindled from every thing that's faire; on which
They looke not as'tis faire, or amiable,
But as it may be fullyed and contribute
Unto their beastly satisfaction.

Eurym: I hope you thinke not, Madam, I'le make use
Of this advantage so barbarously, as
I attempt your person?

--*Barsf:*

-----*Barf*: That were a crime, which would
 Provoke the Gods, which doe inhabit these
 Quiet, hallowed shades, to take revenge upon you.
 And you would trespasse 'gainst the place, as well
 As 'gainst your honour. *Eurym*: I do confesse you are,
 To an irregular eye, wholly compos'd
 Of sweet enticements. A thousand Beauties fly
 From you, at every looke in soft Temptations.
 And from a minde which knowes no holier use
 Of such a heavenly forme, but first to cover,
 And then t'enjoy, there might be danger; and
 The assailer might excuse his fault from that
 Which left him not himselfe, but snatcht him to
 Forbidden pleasures. But I doe looke upon you
 With other eyes. As y'are to me a *Venus*,
 And strike a warme flame in me, so you are
Diana too, and do infuse a chaste,
 Religious coldnesse. You do not onely stand
 Before me safe as in a Circle, made
 By your owne charmes; But do incircle me
 With the same Vertuous spels. *Barf*: I yet scarce thinke
 Myselfe secure, when I thinke you my Pyrate.

Eurym: You'l finde the enterprize deserves a name
 More gentle, when you know my Sister went
 Halfe Pyrate with me. I had no other way
 To gaine a free, and innocent accessse.
 To enter your castle had beene impossible;
 Vnlesse, like *Ioue*, I had transform'd my selfe
 Into a *Showre*, and rained my selfe downe from
 The Skies into your presence. *Barf*: Had you a hand
 In my betraying, then? *Rox*: If for one Lady
 To contrive service for another; Or if
 T'assist a Brother in his Vertuous Love
 Be to betray, I do confesse *Barsene*,
 I'me a conspiratour. Or if he breake

Conditions,

Conditions, and make this ignoble use
 Of such a favour, having had his Audience,
 Not to reitore us to our Liberty,
 I am betrayed too. They were first my Letters
 Which drew him from his Countrey with a Fleet,
 In show for my pursuit, but in reality,
 T'enjoy this interview, and make his eyes
 The Judges of the picture I made of you ;
 Or whether I err'd not in my discriptions, or
 Presented you by a false partiall light,
 When I discipher'd you just such another
 As he doth now behold you. *Barf*: Is this true Sir ?
Eurym: Witnesse ye Gods if among all your Worshippers,
 There be one who contemplates your Divine,
 Invisible, Shapelesse substances with a
 More awfull reverence, or paies Devotion
 To *Powers* he sees not with a stronger fervour,
 Then I did to you, Madam : whom I did
 Adore before I saw ; And you had then
 A perfect Shrine, and Temple in me, where
 I did frame such *Idea's* of you so pure,
 So free from these grosse figures which do stirre
 The vulgar admiration, that, if I said,
 A *Minde* was worshipt by a *Minde*, And that
 My thoughts supply'd the place of Sacrifices,
 Which flew betweene us ; And, like winged prayers,
 Maintain'd a sacred Entercourse, & traffique,
 With the Originall of of what I fancy'd,
 I doe but rudely, but halfe expresse my selfe.
Barf. You make me blush. *Eur*: But when in the disguise
 Of my *Embassadour*, I saw before me
 The *Queene of Love*, veil'd in your beauteous shape ;
 VVith all her *Graces*, and winged *Cupids* about her.
 VVhen I beheld all those celestiaall *Images*,
 Which I fram'd of your Absence, and ador'd

Abstracted

Abstracted from you, cloth'd in your faire face,
 If I projected for this houre, or us'd
 The Invention of one struck, to purchase this
 Short Audience from you, you are t' impute th' offence,
 Or boldness, not to me, but unto Nature,
 Who did not make me blind, But sent me in
 To th' world with eyes. *Barf.* If you proceed, I must
 Accuse her, that she gave me ears to hear
 Such praises so misplac'd. *Eur.* Madam, then briefly,
 I claime an interest in you, Love for Love,
 Which that you may grant as a Princess, and I
 Receive it as a Prince, here I doe banish
 All shewes and signes of Hostile force, and doe
 Release you, and your faire Train. You *Hippocles*,
 And *Clytus*, First aske pardon for your cruelty,
 Although but acted, and then unbinde the Ladies.

Cly. Madam, I hope you can forgive; If not,
 Please you to take me prisoner, so you will
 Promise my thraldome shall be onely such
 As yours should have been, had we in earnest kept you
 Outright our Captives, I will be content
 To exchange shackles with you. *Hipp.* Pray hold your lege
 A little fairelier, Madam. Methinks we two
 Make the Embleme of the Jealous husband, and (was
 The Handsome wife. *Orith.* How's that Sir? *Hipp.* Why there
 One, who by day still lockt his wife in chains,
 And gave her ease by night. *Clyt.* You two would faine
 Have your two leggs at large too. *Hipp.* Now your Armes
 Are set at liberty, looke you imploy not
 Your natural weapons against us. *Men.* What are those Sir?

Hipp. Your Nails. *Men.* We scorn to scratch. *Eur.* Next,
 Rude Interruption of it, (For when you (after this
 Have Pardon'd it, I still must looke upon
 It as an amorous Crime) I will my selfe
 Continue your safe passage to your *Island*,

And

And see you receiv'd in your Castle. *Bar.* That
Will onely alter our Captivity,
Not tak't away. We must still thinke our selves
Your prisoners there, if you bear Armes against us.

Eurym. Here, then, To let you see, my purpose is not
To be an Enemy to your Brother, and
A Supplicant to you; But that I came
To carry a *Queen*, not conquest home with me,
I doe resigne my Forces, and lay down
My selfe, and Armies at your Feet, Bright Princeesse;
Say, what peace would you have? I will refuse
No Articles, so you be one of them.

Barsen. You have exprest your selfe so Nobly, showne
Such generous Signes of your Intentions, and
Gayn'd such a Conquest or'e me by your free,
And Princely Carriage, That as an earnest of
Greater returnes, Wee'l make you partner in
A harmlesse plot we have, which shall conclude
With all that all we wish. *Rox.* Wee've a Designe
To try how our surprize takes with our Campe,
Our Habits and the Art we will put to 'em,
Will keep us from being knowne. *Bars.* I will deferre
Your farther satisfaction, or confesse
How much I am engag'd Sir, to requite
Your pure Affections with my own, 'till our
Next Conference. And lest you should beleive,
(How ere y' have chang'd a Tempest to a calme,
And make me now in Love with my own fright)
You not deserve to undergoe some penance
For making us a fraid, your punishment,
Shall be to fetch my Answer at my Tent,

Eurym. And I shall think't an Age 'till I receive it.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA VI.

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. Did we three ere looke to be Captains? *Neand.* Troth,
I thought my Marches onely would have been
To lead a Company of Ladies in
Court Ranke, and File, unto a Maske, and Play,
And backe again. *Art.* And as for skirmishes,
I thought all mine would have proov'd Chamber ones,
Tongue-Fights. Or if they had proceeded farther
To th' Drawing of Bloud, at most, Naile-combates. *Call.* I've
The strangest company of *Voluntaries*;
All Gentlemen of *Hedges*, and *Highwaies*.
I doe command an *Hospital*. Of Fifty
But two have Shirts among 'em; And those worn
Not as shift, or Things at first ordain'd to be
Made clean, and washt, but as perpetual Garments;
Not to be put of 'till They doe forsake
Their Wearers, Voluntarily, and creep from them.
That which was linnen once, Time turnes to Troopes.
I'le undertake could all Quick Things which are
Bithynian, in our Regiment bear Armes,
We need not fear the *Persian*. Every Souldier
Would be a moving *Legion*. *Neand.* My Company,
Is much like yours. Last Muster, when I reckon'd
By th' poll, They were Threescore. But when by doublets,
Scarce Thirty; And these fit for summer Warres.
A fine, warme, entercourse doth pass between
Their Skin; and Sun. Farre off They show directly
Like souldiers of the first Ages, before such Things
As Clothes, or Garments were invented; Near hand
You'd think They had held civil conflict, and
Torne one another thus ragged. If we fight,

With

With th' Enemy; their first great Enterprize
 Will be for Breeches; The next for Conquest. *Art. Troth,*
 Mine are not altogether so compleatly
 Ragged and torne, as yours are. But for Courages
 And Lookes, I doe perceive a kinde of quiet,
 Yet understood Conspiracy among them,
 How not to fight; And can observe a speaking,
 Sly Combination passe 'twixt face and face,
 How to escape. Their Marches are divided
 Between a certain provident care to fly,
 And fear of hanging. *Call.* And yet these thin-soul'd Rascals
 Dare mutiny for pay. This morning I
 Consum'd in hearing greivances. One told me
 He was this Week preserv'd by Miracle,
 Liv'd on one bunch of Radishes, which sure
 He thinkes did multiply from one to many,
 He had been famisht else. Another told me,
 A Cheefe had like t'have rais'd Commotion
 'Twixt him and foure Camerades; which had suffic'd them
 Foure Dayes. A Third doth verily believe
 He shall in time reduce his Body to
 A perfect Habit of eathing nothing; For
 He doth protest He hath not tasted food
 These eight and forty houres. *Neand.* Here comes the King.

S C E N A VII.

To them *Archidamus, Theagines, Melager.*

Arch. How doe your Works go on, *Theagines*?
 Are they of Height and Strength enough to keep
 Us from th' Assaults oth' Enemy, until
 Our other Forces come? *Theag.* Unless we should
 Like th' Ancient *Gyants*, who invaded Heaven,
 Pile Hills on Hills, or compass in our selves

With

With Mountains heap't on Mountains, Sir, we cannot
 Immure our selves with more Defences, or
 Raise Guards more strong, or more Impregnable.
 That which was er't a Champion Feild is now
 A perfect Fort. If they have winged Horses,
 Or feather'd Breed of *Pegasus*, and can
 Be a flying Army in the Aire, or give
 Us battle from the Clouds, there is some fear
 They may surprize us; But by th' common way
 Of Battery by *Rammes*, or *Engines*, They
 As well may besiege Rocks, or strive to make
 Their Souldiers scale Towers. *Arch.* And have you *Meleager*
 Made true Discovery of their Campe? *Mel.* It seemes
 They mean to make the plain beyond next Hill,
 The Scene oth' Fight. I have observ'd from thence
 Their several *Quarters*; Tents cast into Streets,
 Painted Pavillions in the midst, and Heart
 Oth' *Leaguer*, which shew like moveable pallaces;
 And vie a kinde of bravery with the Sunne,
 Which shall cast, or reflect the brightest Glory.
 About these in a decent order stand
 A Numerous Town of *Tabernacles*, of
 Less Glitterings, which doe end in a large *Suburbs*
 Of common souldiers Cabbins. Had they brought
 Their Wives, and Temples with them, it would be
 A perfect warlike City. *Arch.* You describe
 The preparations of a Wedding; This
 Trim shew can't be intended for a fight.
 Have they secur'd all this with Trenches too?
 Have they Walls to their painted City? *Mel.* It seemes
 They mean their number shall supply those, Sir,
 Unless it were the *Persian* Army, which
 Was overcome by *Alexander*, where
 Thee *Greeks* at once fought, and beheld a Masque,
 Perform'd by Ladies in gilt Chariots; and where

The

The Souldiers took Direction how to fight
 From Harpes and Lutes, which play'd between the battles,
 As between Acts and Entrances, I ne're read
 Of any expedition which consisted
 Of so much Spectacle and Number too.

Arch. Surely *Eurymedon* hath rais'd these forces
 To make an Entertainment for my sister,
 And make his Conquest of the Ladies show
 More sweet, and Courtly. Harke, what means this shout?
 Go one of you, and see. *Call.* Troth, Sir, if I *Exit Neand.*
 May take the humble leave to speak, methinkes
 You might compose this Warre by Treaty. A Priest,
 In my poor judgement, Sir, might save much blood,
 And joine hands, which divided will joine battels.

Arch. You fain would give up your Commission, *Callias*,
 And be at Court again. *Call.* Troth, Sir, I had
 Much rather tire my selfe with dancing at
 Your, and your Sisters Nuptials, then here venture
 Marts on my transitory Life. Which if
 It have a lease of three weekes longer, or
 If providence doe spin it out a Moneth,
 'Tis more then I expect, Your Father, Sir,
 Must thanke you in the *Elisyan* Shades hereafter,
 For being so pious, to preferre his will
 Before your Subjects safety. If *Eurymedon* *Enter*
 Endow your Sister with your Kingdome, say *Neander.*
 Your Court once bred a Prophet. *Arch.* Call'd a Coward.

Neand. The *Queen* oth' *Amazons*, Sir, hearing of
 Your Warres, is newly landed, and hath brought
 An Army of *She Archers* in your Succour.
 She hath before her sent two Captains of
 Her Guard, who call themselves *Embassadors*; But looke
 Like *Nymphs* sent of an Errand from the *Goddesse*
 Of *Woods* and *Huntings*, who would have your leave,
 To make Warre on your Stags, Wild Boares and Panthers.
 Looke here they come, Sir.

SCENA

SCÆNA VIII.

To them Menalippe, Marthesia, like Amazons.

Men. --Pray which is the King?

Neand. He, Lady, in the purple scarfè. Men. Our Queen,
The famed Hippolyta, having atchiev'd
Her conquest on the Scythians, and returning
Home, with Anthiope, her sister, to offer
Their Lawrels up to thole Assisting Gods
Which cast them on their Victories, as she sayl'd
Along your coasts, hearing you are engag'd
In a Warre something like the Trojan, where
She lost an Ancestour, offers her selfe,
And whole Fleet to your service. Her reward;
She sayes will be th' acceptance, nor expects
More thanks, then to be known to your brave Selfe,
And the faire Cause you fight for. Mar. She addes farther,
That she desires (because she will not, Sir,
Vnshippe her Forces, without your consent,
Which might raise terrour in your people, and
Appear no Visit, but Invasion)
You'l send a conduct to meet her on the way
Now towards your camp; so, to secure the passage
Of these few Ladies she brings with. Arch. Ladies,
Pray tell your Queen, she hath by your brave Message,
Purchast our Lawrel more; and added Mee,
And my whole Kingdom to her other conquests.
The honour she vouchsafes mee is so great,
That I'le my selfe be of her conduct. Men. Sir,
She's proud to be your soldier. Call. Ladies? Men. Sir,
Call. You have no Message from the other Ladies,
To us Three, have you? Men. How d' you mean? Call. If -

C

Your

Your Queen come here to propagate, or if
 You, and your sister Warriours bring a purpose
 To carry home *Bithynian* issue, pray tell 'em
 We are their servants. *Men.* We shall Sir, *Call.* And so
Diana speed you Ladies. *Arch:* You two prepare

Ex: M. n: Marth:

Campe. Entertainment for her. You three put
 Your Troops in order to attend us. *Neand.* We shall Sir:
 'T will be the strangest sight to see naked men } *Arch.*
 March before Armed women. *Art.* Gentlemen, } *Ex. Theag.*
 What think you of this Embassy? *Nea.* Why that } *Mel.*
 The Revolution's come, In which we shall,
 Be conquer'd of our Maidenheads. *Art.* Methinks
 I see my selfe already a Father to
 A fine, smart *Amazon*, I look she should
 Come into th' World with Bow and Arrowes, And
 Be born with a short sword. *Call.* If our fights prove
 Night Skirmishes, I'le sacrifice to Love.

Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. Two weeks of this, conceive me, Gentlemen,
 We cannot scape a famine, but shall frolicke
 Our selves into a Dearth, Then live by th' Ounce,
 And dine and suppe in weight and measure, to
 Permit things to increase again. We have
 At once exhausted three Elements, the Earth,
 Water, and Sky, for rarities; If the fourth
 Bred ought but *Salamanders*. or afforded
 Ought strange, or edible, I doe believe
 We should have ranfact that too. *Neand.* I have read

Of

Of feasting, and heard *Philosophers* dispute
It for a vice, but ne're saw it practic'd but
In this large entertainment. Sure the Lords
Who had the ordering on't first read the works
Of some old studied *Epicure*, who placed
Felicity ith' palate, and then brought
His rules and precepts into cheere. There wanted
Onely Pearles to be melted, Gems dissolved,
And Jewels drunk to the Queens health, to make it
A perfect sacrifice to Luxury:

Art. If this hold, Gentlemen, I doe foresee
We shall within this month forget our selves
To be *Bithinyans*, that is, Souldiers, who
Can live on campe fare, and turne *Persians*,
Where our whole business will be onely these
Too fine, soft, exercises, to eat, and wench. (cheeks,

Call. How do you like the Queen? *Neand.* Me thinks her
Speak through their Amorous brown, as if she came
For something else then fighting. There's a story
Of a *Greek Prince*, and of a *Queen*, her country-woman
Who joyn'd Sex thirteen days together, to
Raife Progeny between them. If this should
Claime copulation by the Law of Nations,
And challenge a short use, for a month, or so,
Of the Kings body, for procreation sake,
I cannot see how, in humanity,
Having so good a Tittle as the want
Of Men, and Males, in her own country; shee
Can be denied. *Art.* Or if her sister should
Claim the short use of one of us, and plead
Her natural right unto our Bodies, 'twere
A National wrong, not to endeavour to
Dismiss her with posterity. *Neand.* You speak
As if you had hopes, *Artops.* *Art.* I profess

To me shee's Lightning. Gentlemen, she melts
My sword ith' scabberd; I stand before her like
Stubble before a burning Glas, Her eyes
At every glance doe turne me into flame.

Call. Will not one of the other Ladies please
Your high taste. *Artops?* Me thinks those faces are
Most faire, which are most easy of fruition.

Neand. I am resolv'd to sound the true depth of
Their errand. *Call:* And I. *Art:* I think I shall submit,
And make a Third. *Neand:* Peace, here they come; Me thinks
Yon'd two by sympathy already doe
Send Tickets to invite us to their Tents.

SCÆNA II.

*To them Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager, Roxane,
Barsene, Orithya, Thalastris, Menalippe, Mar-
thesia, like Amazons; Their faces discol-
our'd to a comely Browne.*

Arch, You truly show, Gracious Hippolyta,
How much you are a Souldier, Who can be
Content with such rude Entertainment; where
The most I could expresse, was, that you were
Receiv'd into a Seige. Where my *Distresses*,
And poverty, are faine to call Themselves
Magnificent from what I lacke, but would
Faine furnish out with Words, and say My Intent
Was large, though my expression was but small.
If ought hereafter make this place or Army
Deserving of your stay, it must be your
Owne selfe sufficient Goodnesse, which can put
Splendid Names on Defects, And the faire Train
Y'have brought along with you. Whose Company,

Transformes

Transformes a wilde campe into your owne Court;
And makes you at home in my poore Country. *Rox.* Sir,
We hope you doe not thinke we came to feast,
Or revell with You, For that you have exprest
Even to a trespasse 'gainst our Discipline:
Whilett taking us for Women, you forget
w'are Souldiers too; And turne your Campe into
A soft Receipt of Ladies. 'Tis against
Our Countrey Custome to spend our Dayes in Banquets,
Or Nights in Maskes: Our Times are more virile,
And different from the rest of our soft Sex,
Who doe divide Themselves between their Beddes,
Glasses, Tyres, Dressings, and Discourse of Servants.
VVe count our Houres oth' Night by severall Matches,
And Releifes of our Sentinells; And reckon
Our Houres oth' Day, not by our Feasts, but Warches.
We know no glasse but our own armour; Nor
E're see our selves but ith' clear brightness of
Our sheilds, and helmets, And then our dressings are,
Such as you see, a sword, bow, shafts, and Quiver.

Barsen. We came to helpe you fight, Sir, And to carry
Deeds worthy of our Name home with us. 'Twill
Be our reproach in History, if't be known
We did nought in *Bithynia*, after all
Our other great Atcheivements, but see playes;
Pass the loose hours in feasting; Know no fights
But such as are *Dramatick*, and proceed
From the invention of your *Poets*; who
Kill onely on the Stage, and then revive
Their slaughter'd persons in the *Tiring-House*.
Orith. If with my Queens leave, I may speak, Sir, if
We vanquish not the *Thracians*, who are now
Your enemies, or give them battle: We
Shall seem a fleet of *Gossips*, who tooke shore,

Onely to see, and to be seen, And so
 Return inglorious. *Thal*: Besides, our citizens
 Will count us cowards; And weary to be governed
 By such faint, sluggish Princesses; will mutiny,
 Shake off the yoke of subjects, and endanger
 To turne our *Monarchy* into a many
 Headed *Democracy*; And then you know
 What must needs follow where the *State* consists
 All of *Plebeians*; where that *Beast* the Rude
Multitude rules, and none obey. *Arch*: You show
 Valours so much beyond your sex, and stirre
 So just a shame, and blushing in us of
 Our own unequal courages, that I
 Must needs look on you, not as you are *Ladies*,
 But warlike *Goddesses* stept down from heaven;
 Each of you an Armed *Pallas*, to assist
 The just cause of th' afflicted. Or if this
 Express you not; In each of you, Methinks,
 I once more see *Achilles* like a Girle.
 And 'twill be honour to me, when hereafter
 Posterity in Chronicle shall ranke me
 A sharer in your actions; And my conquests
 Shall run in story bound with yours. Not to
 Offend you therefore with ought effeminate,
 Or VVhat befits not you to see, or this
 Place to present, as one addition more
 To your entertainment I've provided
 A warlike dance performed by warlike *Moores*;
 just in such postures as they adore their Gods,
 Before they goe to battle. Bid 'em enter.

Here six Moores, dance after the ancient Ethiopian manner. Erect arrowes stuck round their heads, in their curled hair instead of Quivers. Their Bowes in their hands, Their upper parts naked; Their nether from the waist, to their

their knees cover'd with bases of blew Sattin, edged with a deep silver fringe. Their legs also naked, incircled with rings of gold; the like their armes. Great pendants of Pearl at their ears. At every close, expressing a cheerful adoration of their Gods.

My next care, Madam, shall be to make these follies Pass into better spectacles. I will Send for the Ladies from their Castle. Your presence Will mak't a new delight t' enjoy the sounds, And roughness of the Camp.

SCÆNA III.

To them *Lyncestes*, *Polydamas*.

Archid. ——— My Lord *Lyncestes*,
Polydamas, How doe the Ladies brook
Their solitude? Have they not yet created
One of themselves Preist to the company,
To say prayers twice a day for their releasment?

Lync. Sure Sir, They were not *Ladies*, but a Crew
Of *Spirits*, who appear'd like women, and
A while wore humane faces made of lips,
And eys, and cheeks, and dimples, to delude
The easy sight of the beholders, and
Then vanish back into themselves again.

Arch. They are not grown invisible. I hope,
The've no enchanted Rings among 'em? *Lyn:* Sir,
I have sailed round your coast, as far as water
Would give me leave. Have ransackt every Creek,
Examined every hole which would but lodge
A *Conger*, or a *Poor-John*; And can finde
No more print of them then ships leave ith' Sea.
Unless I should have hir'd your *Negro's*, Sir,

Which I met here at door to dive for 'em,
 As *Indians* doe for pearl, in hope to finde 'em,
 Some forty fathom deep in *Oyster Shells*,
 I know not where to seek 'em. *Arch.* Are they lost then?

Lync. *Eurymedon* in person with his fleet
 Concealed, Sir, seized them in their passage over
 Into the *Island*; And whether he have sent 'em
 Home to *Bizantium*, or keep them here
 His prisoners, is uncertain. *Polyd.* The report
 Had like t' have put *Chalcedon*, Sir, into
 A civil warre. The people of both sexes,
 'Till I allay'd them, were up in a commotion

Arch. O my prophetick soul! which whisper'd me
 I should not trust 'em to an element
 So false and treacherous. *Theag.* Are our two Ladies
 Vapour'd away ith' mist too, Sir, and seiz'd on?

Lync. Yes, and their women; They have not left a beauty
 Ith' City; or ought which you can call handsome
 To breed upon, or to continue a
 Succession of good faces. *Theag.* I expect
 In time to see my wife return then, with
 A race of little *Thracians* all noble by
 The bearers side. *Meleag.* And I that my wife save me
 The future labour of begetting, and
 Without my helpe return me a fine Troop
 And Squadron, which will call her mother, and
 Me Captain. *Arch.* Had he seiz'd my crown; or taken
 Me prisoner, and with me my Kingdom, It
 Had been a loss I could have borne: And thought it
 One of the chances which prove Princes subject
 To mens misfortunes. But to deprive me of
 Her, who to mee was Empire, Kingdom, Crown,
 And all things else, which make men happy; She
 Whose two eyes were the Sunnes that rul'd my day,

And

And to whom onely my absence did make night;
 She who smil'd virtue, and whose beauteous Lookes
 Were a soft, visible, musick, which entranc'd
 The lookers on, and struck harmonious raptures
 Into every chaste soul, and instill'd pure fires
 Int' every unchast; She who had the power
 To charm fierce Tygers, and make Panthers tame,
 And civilize the wildest Salvage, but
 He who surpriz'd her, and made his sister, and
 My destined Queen part of his piracy, —
 Thus to deprive me of my Joyes ith' porch,
 And entrance to them, is a wrong like that,
 Where the faire Bride is ravish'd from the Bridegroom,
 Upon the Nuptial days; or where their hands
 Are rudely sunder'd, whilest the Priest is tying
 The holy knot. But why doe I turne woman,
 And adde to th' losse by my complaints. You two
 Streight back to th' City; Raise new forces; Adde
 Wings to your expedition. I shall thinke
 Time moves not with its own hast, 'till we give
 The Robbers Battle, and redeem the prey. *Ex: Lync:*
Rox: Come, Sir, you shall divert the thought of your *Polyd:*
 Recoverable losse at our tent; where
 We will divide greifs with you, or finde wayes
 To make them wholly ours. *Arch:* Your Company
 Relieves me, Madam; And I shall not think
 My selfe unfortunate in such a presence.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA IV.

SCENA IV.

*Callias, Neander, Artops, Orithya, Thalestris,
Menalippe, Marthesia.*

Call. Ladies? *Orith.* Sir? *Call.* You don't train this afternoon
Or muster, doe you? *Orith.* Your reason Sir? *Call.* Because,
If no affair of discipline call on you

To leave us, wee'd fain change some Campe Aire with you.

Thal. W' are at full leisure, Sir. *Call.* Pray, Ladies, let us
Be bold to aske you then, what places hold you
In your Queens Army? Doe you command the *Foot*,
And *Infantery*? Or are you *Cavaliers*

And *Regents* of the *Horse*? *Orith.* Why doe you aske?

Call. Not out of curiosity, t' inform
Our selves in your arts military; But onely
Out of a free desire we have *Commanders*
To be admitted servants to *Commanders*.

Orith. How doe you mean? *Neand.* Troth, Ladies, to divert
The melancholly and sadness which this accident
Will raise among us, we would gladly joine
Souldiers with souldiers, and make both armies one.

Thal. That's done already Sir. *Art.* Our meaning is,
We would faine doe you civil Right, and pay you
The debts of nature which you come for. Officers
Mingling with officers will raise a race
Of stout young *Alexanders* between them, who'l
Once more subdue the world. *Thal.* Now you speak
Without clouds, we conceive you. Doe you think then,
VVe come to seek men to get children on us?

Call. VVe hope y' are like your mothers. We know, Ladies,
Without out helpe you are but barren things;
And cannot propagate between your selves.

Orith:

Orith. Well, say this be our errand, since you speak
So understandingly: what would you doe
To helpe us in necessity? *Neand:* Doe? Why,
VVhat should we doe? Doe service to your Country;
And strive to keep you still a people, by
A new succession of *Amazons*. *Orith:* But say (save you
They should prove *males*, Sir. *Neand.* Then breed them up to
The trouble of such journeyes; and employ 'em,
As you doe us their Fathers, to th' publick good.

Thal. But 'tis against our Lawes to Foster, Sir,
Male birtins. *Neand.* What do you with 'em? drown 'em then?

Thal. Restore 'em to their getters. Would you receive 'em,
If we should send 'em home? *Neand:* So they be born
Perfect, not halfe *male*, and halfe *female*; I'll
Nurse no *Hermaphrodites*. *Orith:* Besides, you have
Been us'd to th' Ladies of your own court; you'l
Ne're like our company. We are not fair

And beautiful enough to stir your Loves
To serve us in our needs. *Art.* By this hand, Ladies,
I'me more inflam'd to see a certain true,
And Genuine smile creep o're your nutbrown faces,
And make a kinde of Day-break there, then all
The artificial whites and reds, laid on
By our court painters, who call't Beauty to
Create their own looks *Thal.* Are there such arts, then?

Call. You saw the two Lords here? *Thal.* Yes Sir, *Call.* They
Have two young Ladies, whom I do question, whether
They may call *Wives*, or *Pictures*. *Neand.* Their wedding day
Saw them, perhaps, in their own blushes; And
They lay the first night in their unbought roses;
But ever since have varied shapes; scarce worne
The same face twice Who 'd lye with such *the Proteus*s?
Who change form in the embrace; And doe lye down
One mistress, and ith' morning rise another?

Orith:

Orish. Our looks are course, but native, Sir. *Neand.* Yare
The times which love delights in; we behold (like
A fair night in your faces stuck with stars.

Call. Me thinks ye exceed the *Queen of Love*; she had
But one black *Mole*, you are all but one fair *spot*.

Art. Beleeve it Ladies, were he not a boy,
I'de say y' had brought each of you in those lovely,
Dark, shady cheeks, a *Cupid*, who from thence,
As from an amiable twilight, shootes
His golden arrowes. *Orish:* You doe expresse your selves
So affectionate, so like lovers—*Thal.* So comply
With our own wishes, which are to requite
Your love with love—*Orish.* And doe so nobly know
The wants of Ladies, and can as nobly pardon
All their defects, that henceforth we'l expect
Some entercourse of visit from you. *Thal.* We
Shall long to see you at our poor Tents, choose
Your own times; We lock not our curtains.

Exeunt Ladies.

SCÆNA V.

To them *Theagines* and *Meleager*.

Theag. What, laying siege to th' Ladies, Gentlemen?

Call. Trying, my Lord, what *Forts* They weare; or where
They are most easy to be scal'd; We have yet
But made an attempt upon their *Outworks*, and
Held parley with them. *Mel.* And how, and how, in Troth,
D' you find 'em? Tractable? Will they surrender
On easy Composition, without a long
And tedious Battery? *Neand.* We find 'em made,
As other Ladies are, of flesh and blood:
I doe perceive no difference, My Lords,

Twixt

Twixt ayres, and clymates; But where men meet women,
Nature will have 'ts effects, for the preservation
 Oth' *Universe*: unlesse there should be some
 To aske, others to grant; some to beger,
 Others to bring forth, the world would have an end
 In the short Circle of one age. *Theag.* I hope
 It is not come to that already; you have
 Had a quick victory, to see and conquer.
Mel. Th' are very waxen, sure, who take Impression
 At the first chafing. *Art.* Waxen? Why I'le tell you,
 I never yet saw things so yeelding. So
 Obedient to the Touch. I doe beleewe,
 Should we dissemble coyness, or stand out,
 They would put Questions to us: And upon
 Refusal, take armes, and invade our lodgings.
 And what would be the fruits of such a warre,
 Back't with so good a cause, your Lordships judge.
Neand. Alas you must consider, good my Lords,
Necessity's a Tyrant. Had they men
 In their own countrey to supply their wants,
 Or were their state compos'd so, that without
 Danger to th' *Commonwealth*, there might be some
 Kept at the publique charge to lye with them,
 At th' age of procreation, and so be
 The Fathers of their country, whil't they mingled
Natives with *Natives*, It perhaps would seem
 Immodest to seek forraign Help. But where
Males are against the Law; And where to *Marry*
 Is worse then to *commit*; And where a *Husband*
 Is a crime worse then *Fornication*; what
 In this case would you have them doe? *Call:* Unless
Nature had made them double, and enabled 'em
 To be both sexes to themselves; Or else,
 Unless they could bear children, as we see,

Our

Our fields bear flowers; where one and the same soyl,
 Water'd by a soft shower, or breath'd upon
 By a warm aire, is Father, Mother, all,
 To its own issue; How d'you think they should
 Produce posterity? Troth, my Lords, I feel
 A certain generous pittie in me to
 Their reasonable Longings. *Theag.* Well, Gentlemen,
 You have convinc'd us. But doe you think the two
Princesses came for the same purpose? *Art.* As sure
 As we have leave, Sir, to make visits, or
 Choose our own nights with these departed Ladies.
Mel. And have you? *Art.* ask them. *Neand.* Troth my Lords
 Work enough with your own two Ladies, when (you'l have
 You next recover 'em; and therefore will not,
 We hope, disturbe us, who are single, in
 Our amorous courses. We are promis'd all
 The pleasures which their tents can yeild; And told
 There shall be no locks 'twixt us and our joyes.

S C Æ N A VI.

To them *Macrinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix*; Three totter'd
 common souldiers, with a drummer before them;
 And Cock-feathers in their hats:

Call. How now? What have we here? The signe oth' battle
 'Twixt *Time* and Ragged *Breeches*? And whither now
 Tends your most totter'd march? What make your four
 Halfe doublets from your colours? *Macr.* Sir, we are
 Imployed as *publique persons*, by our companies,
 To tell the King our greivances. Beat on
 To th' Kings pavilion. *Neand. publique:* 'Tis true, you are;
 Your elbowes witness for you; There's not one
 Bare part about you that's not *publique*. But

Pray

Pray stay, pray stay a little, Gentlemen;
What grievances have your most lousy valours
To present now? *Lac*: Such, Sir, as we have often
Complain'd to you of, and you'l not redress us.

Serp. The King is just, Sir, and allowes us pay,
Which you melt up by the way. You may make sport,
And laugh at our poor ruines, But 'tis our *Ragg*es,
And bareness, which doth make you *glitter*. *Mac*: If
We had our right, your large scarfes, every one
Of which display'd, would make the *Colours* to
A *Company*, should be our *Shirts*. *Art*. How, Sir?

Lac. Sir, it is true; And your large *Feathers*, each
Of which, wav'd by the winde, does make you walke
In perfect *flourish*; And present you like
Three winged *Dedalus's*, prepar'd to fly,
Should be our coats, and plume us. *Ser*. And that shine
And blaze of *plate* about you, which puts out
Our eyes, when we march 'gainst the sunne, and armes you
Compleatly with your own *gold lace*, which is
Laid on so thick, that your own trimmings doe
Render you Engine prooffe, without more Armes,
Should goe to buy us bread. *Art*: This is most rare
With reference to the *Feathers* in your Hats,
Most *pilfrying Gentlemen*, which show you have
Skirmished with neighbouring poultry, lately, and having
Eaten part of your conquest, weare the rest
As Emblems of your wandring from the Campe,
And inrodes on backides. If I may aske you,
Where have you learnt this Eloquence? I doe not
Read that *Demosthenes* declaym'd with Toes
Looking through leather casements. Or that he was
Sent in an Embassy with halfe a stockin,
Or such decay'd comparisuns, as I
Observe in your retinue. *Mac*: Sir, wee need

No

No teacher but our wants to find us words.

Lacer: Had, you three reckon'd th' age oth' warre by fasting

As we have done; who by our hunger know

'Tis now a month since it began, or did you

Know onely these two poor releefes, warme daies

For clothes, warme ayre for food. *Serp:* Or had you

Been three *Camerades* like us, three daies to one

Dryed *Bisk't*, and horne *Stock-fish*, both which might

Be shot for *Battery*, And for hardnesse be

Reckon'd into th' *Artillery*, we doe

Beleeve you would not starve in silence Or

Depart this life without some Testimony

That you were famisht hence. *Call:* Why harke you, you

Rascals, who thinke the life of man consists

In eating; And that you were sent into the world

To devoure Flocks and Heards; what are you made for?

Resolve mee, if you can; What is the end

Of your Creation, but to fight, Goe naked,

And starve in sun-shine? *Neand:* True; what other use

Can there be of you in a *State*, but either

To be hang'd if you steale, if you doe not

To suffer hunger, and be lowly in

Your countries cause? And if you scape the sword,

And doe survive, to be a burthen to

The *Common wealth*, to be dispatcht by famine,

For the *publique ease*? *Art:* Besides, why doe you trouble

Us with your meager visages? what are

Your torne necessities to us? *Mac:* Does not (tains?)

Our pay passe through your hands? Are not you our Cap-

Art. And are there no wayes, Sir, to live, besides

Your foure and eight pence weekly? *Lac:* Wee'd be glad

To learne them, Sir. *Art:* Pray let me aske you, then,

And answer with discretion. What is

The natural use of Capons, Hens, and Geese?

For

For what serve Turkies? *Mac*: To be eaten. *Art*: Right;
You and I jumpe. And what's the use of Sheep?
I doe not mean with fleeces; (That falls under
Another question:) But as they are Mutton?

Lac. Why to be eaten too. *Art*: Still right. And lastly,
What is the use of wooll made into cloth?

Is't not to cover? *Serp*: 'Tis so, Sir, *Art*: And what's
The use of Plate and Money; Is't not to
Supply mens wants, and buy the things they need? (make

Sert. Most true Sir, *Art*: And are these times which do
The stealth of all these lawful, and reach out
All these unto you for the venturing: And
Are you so cowardly, or rather so

In love with your own *Lice*, that you must aske
Us for reliefe? Or thinke of such a base,
Poore, contemptible thing as *Pay*? *Mac*: Is this
The answer you will give us? *Art*. This is all.

Plundring's a large *Revenue*; 'Tis your owne
Fault if *Townes* cloth you not; Or if the *Fields*
Afford you not provision. *Mac*: We must then
Here let you know, wee'l mutiny. Beat backe.

Call. You mutiny, you ill fac'd Rascals; Have you
A minde to cheat the Hangman with your wardropes?
Or an itch to disgrafe the Gibbit with
Your goblin carkasses before your times? (raise

Lac. Wee'l raise the Campe against you. *Serp*: Come, let's
Let's raise the Campe. *Neand*: Away you heaps of vermin,
Earth your selves in your Trenches; and there live
The quiet life of *Moles*; Feed on the Roots *Ex: Mac*:

Of wholesome herbs which grow about you. Go. *Lac*: *Ser*:

Call. My Lords, we must take leave. *Art*. You see the peace
Oth' Army lyes on't. *Neand*: We kifs Your Lordships hands.

Ex. unt.

SCENA VII.

Theagines, Meleager, To them Menalippe, Marthesia.

Theag. Why here be three new *Captains* now, who make
The right use of the warre. Spend their assaults
On such soft harmless, yeilding things, as Ladies,
And keep themselves in spangles, with the pay
Of their poor *souldiers*. *Mel:* It appears to me
Strange what designe should cast these *Amazons*
Upon our shore. I hope they have no aime
To take advantage of our fight; or keep
Themselves spectatours 'till both Armies have
Weaken'd themselves, and then ore'come the Victours.
I would be loath to have it said in story,
We were subdu'd by women with one breast.
'And it would trouble me to see my selfe
Led captive; And transported to a Land
Where I must propagate at the mercy of
Those who did take me prisoner; And get children
By th' night, and taske, upon my *Conquerours*.

Theag. Believ't their project is lesse politicke.
You hear the errand they come for is to
Lye with us in our Land. *Mel:* Still 'tis strange
They should so quickly open, And reveale
Themselves so easy, so prepared, as these
Three make 'em. *Theag:* Pray Heaven, my Lord, our Ladies
Show not themselves as easy, and as pliant,
Jth' other *Campe*. 'Tis true indeed, their case
Is not the same. They've had no dearth of husbands,
Which shou'd invite 'em to require Relief
From th' enemy. But if they should conclude
A peace for us; And if one of the Articles

Be,

Be, to give something they can spare, and we
Not misse, we cannot helpe it if they show
Themselves good patriots; And preferre their *Countrey*
Before our private *Interests*; or their
More private *Honesties*. *Mel*: True; 'Tis but loosing
A little *Honour* for the *publique good*;
And *Honours* but a word; We shall not be
Impoverisht by the losse. All parts in women
Are like their lippes; And lippes you know are springs.
If a whole Army quench their Thirst there, still
As much is left as taken; The first stock *Ent. Menal*:
Remaines entire. *Theag*: My Lord, behold; what say *Marth*:
You to a message now? *Mel*: I'me now confirm'd.

Men. Are you my Lord *Theagines*? *Theag*: Yes Lady.

Marth. And you my Lord *Meleager*? *Mel*: 'Tis my name.

Men. Y'are oth' *Bedchamber* to th' King? *Mel*: We are so.
They have had good intelligence. *Marth*: Our Ladies
Hearing y'are noble, and delighting much
In persons valiant, and of great action, (as
They are informed you are) will take it for
An honour, if you will vouchsafe to be
Oth' *Bedchamber* to them too, for the space
Of a short visit. *Men*. They say they doe long,
Long very much t'impart a businesse to you.

Theag. You doe not know what 'tis? *Men*: Sir, it requires,
The secrecy of their Tents to know it. *Mel*: When
Pray, is the time they'd be at leisure, Ladies,
For us to waite upon 'em? *Marth*: At all times, Sir,
They say you cannot erre. Onely they will
Tak't as the greater favour. If to beguile
The tedious houres, with discourse of the *Ancients*.
And the comparison of *Womens* deeds,
With those of *Men*, you will divide your nights,
Sometimes with them. *Men*: But chiefly, they desire

You would now come along with us. *Theag:* My Lord,
 What would come on't if we two should suppose
 Our selves unmarried? Our Wives when we next meet,
 (If before hand they not requite us) will
 Finde us whole husbands. *Mel:* I am resolv'd to make
 Use of the opportunity. The worst
 That can befall us, if our Ladies know it,
 Is to seal mutual pardons. *Theag:* Come, Ladies, you
 Shall be our Clue to guide us. *Men:* We will lead you
 Into a pleasing *Labarynth*. *Mel:* 'Twill be
 Our wish to be lost in such Company.

ACTVS IV. SCÆNA I.

Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Orithya, Thelastris.

Rox: Come, Sir, wee are resolved, if't be ith' power
 Of Ladies to effect it, to cure you of
 Your sadnesse, you no longer shall afflict
 Vs and your selfe, with melancholly. It does not
 Show princely in you, thus to enthrall your selfe
 To th' memory of a *Woman*. We thought to finde you
 A Warriour; One in whose stout brest so poore
 So effeminate a thing as Love, or the
 Losse of a Mistresse, would have past among
 Those ordinary cares, which are at once
 Consider'd and forgotten. *Barsf.* 'Tis for subjects
 To affect constancy, or melt and pine,
 And breath themselves away ith' contemplation
 Of those they Love: Or to affect Lone walkes,
 There raise an *Idoll* to themselves, And then
 Fall down and worship it. Y' have turn'd your *Campe*
 Into a *Cloyster*, Sir. And are retir'd
 Ith' mid'st of *Legions*. Nor can we imagine

We have your Company, when present with us,
 Your thoughts are so away. *Arch:* Had you e're seene
 The wondrous *object* that attracts them, or
 Discern'd the secret *influences*, which
 Passe from her soule to mine, and mingled there,
 In one strict union, at this distance make us
 So much each others as to have no power
 T'untwist our selves, or have the leisure to
 Looke towards ought which weares not her faire shape
 To me, or mine to her, you might as well
 Condition with the passive *Iron* not
 To turne to th' *Loadstone*; Or chide the *Needle* for
 Moving towards the bright *pole*, as accuse me
 For thinking on *Roxane*. I confesse,
 Bright *Princesses*, 'Tis Love that makes me rude;
 And but I hope you have brought pardons with you,
 And can forgive one robb'd of his free selfe,
 Nor left to his own Carriage; I should count
 Those Houres which I have stollen from *you*, to pay
 Devotion unto *Her*, a Sacriledge
 Committed 'gainst your beauties; Or a theft,
 Which doth take worship from one *Goddesse* to
 Consume it on *Another*. *Rox:* Wee'l allow
Roxane, Sir, (For so I doe perceive
 You call your *Princess*) To be all that a *Prince*
 In Love can fancy faire, or amiable;
 'Yet I must tell you too, Love's a falie-glasse,
 Which still shoves things much fairer then they are.
 Wee'l grant all your Descriptions true, that to
 Her Fairenesse she hath Virtues, which doe adde
 A beauty to her beauty, and render her
 One, pure, through, rich *Gemme*, which entirely is
 Nothing but *Worth* and *Luster*; yet if this *Gemme*
 Be dropt into the Sea, or lost in' vast

Chaos of Waves, will you make warre with nature,
 Or force the *Ocean* to restore your *Jewel*
 Made irrecoverable? *Arch*: Doe you then looke
 Upon my losse no otherwise? *Rox*: Not, when
 I weigh her brothers power; Th' uncertain chances
 Of warres like this; The many subjects lives,
 Which must be sacrific'd to her recovery.
 The most you can expect if you prevaile,
 Is that your *Nuptials* should be mixt with *slaughters*;
 And that your *Marriage Tapers* should be kindl'd
 From funeral piles; And so *Roxanes* Wedding,
 Thus ravish't to and fro, like *Proserpines*,
 It h' under World, be kept 'mongst Ghosts and shades.

Barf. Besides, how are you sure constancy
 Is answer'd, Sir, with constancy? Our hearts
 Are changeable; not doe I see why *Princes*
 Should be lesse fraile then others, who confine
 Affection to the sight, since *Love's* a fire
 Which doth not onely languish, and goe out,
 Where fuel is subtracted, But is kept burning
 Onely it h' presence of another fire.

Arch. Ile rather thinke nature can change her course,
 Rivers run backwards from the Ocean,
 Things heavy can fly up, and light fall downe;
 Or that the Heavenly Orbes can vary, and
 By shuffling of themselves, the higher with lower,
 Loose their first Order, and in this confusion
 Wheele round in Discord, as before in Musick,
 Then she can cease to Love me. *Roxane* is
 To me a *Vestal*, and I one to her;
 There's but one holy flame between us, which
 Cannot expire but with our selves. *Rox*: But you'l
 Allow there may, Sir, be degrees in Love;
 And that a lesser fire ought to give way

In justice to a greater; and though not quench't,
 Yeild it selfe swallowed by it. *Arch*: Madam, pray
 Explaine your selfe. *Rox*: Say, then, *Archidamus*,
 (For now I will be free) there should be those,
 Who though they bring no bright starres in their eyes,
 Or such charmes in their faces, as *Roxane*,
 (Which to affect, were to take fire from lookes,
 And love by th' sense, and outside, not by th' minde.)
 Yet being of equal birth, of as great vertues,
 Of greater dowries, (For those I speak of
 Doe with a *Kingdome* bring their *Conquests* too)
 But above all (for they dare strive here, and
 Account themselves superiour) say they should bring
 Greater affection; And to shew they doe,
 No longer able to conceale their Flames,
 Should lay aside their *Sex*, and act your part,
 And tell you that they love you; Would such deserve
 A repulse from you? Or could you, Sir, to gaine
 The name and stile of Constant unto one,
 Be unjust to two? And not repay their flame
 With such another? *Arch*: There can be no such, Madam,
Barf. Without more Cloudes, say, Sir, we be those two?
Arch. You Ladies? You are fit to conquer *Princes*;
 And t' have the *Gods* steale down in varied shapes,
 To beget *Hero's* on you, and halfe *Gods*;
 Not to betray such weake affections, as
 To sue to those who doe adore you. Besides,
 You two admit no choice, where both are equal,
 Both *Twinn'es* in their perfections, as in birth,
 Unlesse I could divide my selfe, and be
Two to you *Two*. (For here is no election
 Of one without wrong to the other) And
 Could multiply my selfe into a number,
 How can I answer both? *Rox*: By choosing one.

We are agreed between our selves; she that's
 Refus'd, shall home, and weare the Crowne, the other
 Stay here and be your *Queen*. *Arch*: O Love! why as
 Thou dost weave knots, dost thou not teach a way
 How to untie them too? I doe confesse
 My selfe lost in a sweet perplexity.
 I'me now the *Prince* fore whom three *Goddesses*
 Strove for the *Golden Ball*, or which should be
 Preferr'd for Beauty. When I doe consider
 Your several shapes, I am snatch't several wayes;
 And am at once three Lovers. If I therefore,
 Amidst such equal merits, can't make choice
 Of one before the other, 'Tis because
 I am not blinde. Where objects are alike
 Faire, and distracting, He must want his eyes
 Who doth preferre. *Rox*: Wee'l give you this nights respite
 To thinke upon election. Mean time, Sir,
 There's a short Banquet waites you at our Tent.

Arch. You'l be the Musick to it. *Orith*: Madam,
 Now your *Play*'s done, ours will begin; wee doe
 Onely want stage room. *Bars*. Look you play your parts well.

Thal. As well as our *Hypocrisy* and *false faces*
 Will give us leave.

----- *Orithya*, what d' you thinke
 Oth' *Prince*'s Constancy? Should he be tempted
 To leave *Roxane* for *Roxane*, and make
 Choyce of the Disguised for the true, 'twould prove
 A fine Ginne laid to prove men fraile, and subject
 To our infirmities. *Orith*: I know not how
 This tedious *Scene* of Love hath wrought on him;
 But it to me was *Opium*, and raised slumber.
 A Gentle murmure did glide by my eares
 Like the soft fall of streames. A little more
 Of such flight, aëry stuffe, had bound my senses

Up in a perfect sleepe. *Thal*: I did observe
The onsets, and replies too; Me thought they ran
In *Arrops* and *Neanders* candid stile,
When they doe court our *Women* in *Milke-verse*,
Or tell them *Newes* or *Stories* in *Sonnet prose*.
I should ne're be thus cruel to him I love,
To show him shades in stead of substance; 'Tis
Me thinkes embracing *Clouds*.

SCÆNA II.

To them *Menalippe*, *Marthesia*. Lights,
and a Banquet follow.

Men. ——— Madam, your great Designe
Goes rarely on. Your *Lords* are come, and are
Disposing of their *Ambush*. *Orith*: And have you, *Menalippe*,
Bespoke the false *Alarme* at the just houre?

Men. Clockes strike not dulier after quarters, Madam,
Then our she Drummer will observe her *Cue*, (tinel
And make things dreadful. *Thal*: *Marthesia*, stand you *Sen*-
Against they come. *Mar*: Troth, Madam, 'tis to me
A Comœdy before hand to imagine
How they will bear th'affright. *Men*: Methinkes I see 'em
Rolling themselves up in their own gold Lace,
Like urchines in their prickles; Or wishing to
Exchange place with their swords, and case themselves
In their own scabberds. *Mar*: Stand, who comes there?

Thal. There they are; Goe *Menalippe* bid the *Lords*
With their stout *Squadron*, observe their *Entrances*.

Exit Menal:

SCÆNA

SCENA III.

To them at doore first, afterwards enter'd *Call. Neand. Art.*

Call. You'l not exact the word of us, I hope,
My pretty *Perdue Virgin*; if you doe,
Pray call your *Corporal. Neand:* We doe not come
As *spyes*; If you suspect, commit us to
Your Ladies. *Art:* Or else keepe us prisoners in
Your *Corpes of Guard*, till they release us. *Marth:* Now,
I know y' are freinds, you may passe. I was set
Here to attend your coming; to prevent
Your danger of mistaking the right *Tent.* (Ladies,

Call. We should have found that by *Instinct. Neand:* Bright
We have made bold to use the Liberty
You gave us, And try what campe houres you keep.

Art. I hope w' are not unseasonable, we
Came, Ladies, to keep watch with you. *Orish:* The time
Oth' night addes to our visit Had you come
By day, y' had brought but halfe your selves, and onely
Made visit to our eyes; where all that could
Have past, had been to see, and to be seen.

Art. True, Ladies, whereas now you have us all;
And other senses may be pleased too; And
Goe sharers with the sight. *Thal:* Besides, the *Day*
Turnes all things into *Chrystall*, Sir; Our *Tents*
Had been transparent, like their *Silkes*; And we
Had not been private in our *Closets. Neand:* Right;
Whereas the *Night* turnes all things into *Shade*;
And drawes yet curtaines 'bout our pleasures; And
Makes a faire Lady invisible in ones Armes.

Orish: Will you vouchsafe to sit and taste of this
Slight *Banquet*, Gentlemen. *Call.* You make it *Three.*

Thal:

Thal. You doe not reckon us 'mongst *Marmalade*,
Quinces, and *Apricots*? Or take us for
Ladies preserved? *Call:* No Ladies; yet I hope
'Tis no offence to say y' are each of you
A various Banquet, where a breathing sweetnesse
Feasts the spectatours; And diverts all thought
Of eating to beholding; And from beholding
T' enjoying. *Neand.* All these doe take value,
Not from the Art, which, joyn'd to nature, made em,
But from you who bestow 'em. These *Cherries* doe
Take Colour from your Lippes; This *Amber* calls
A perfume from your *Breath*; what ere's delightful
In them reflects from you. *Art:* And least there should
Be Musick wanting to this Banquet, when
You speake, the *Syrens* sing *Orith:* Y' have brought, we see,
The art to flatter and dissemble with you.

Thal. I now begin to fear you. It can't be (dies?
You should thus faine and love us. *Neand:* Not love you, La-
V Why what signes would you have? V What is required
To Love which we would not performe? *Thal:* Would you
Fight for us, if need were? *Orith:* Or enter duell
In Defence of our *Honours*? *Neand:* Would we? By
This hand, should you command, we would, our selves
Alone, now venture on the *Thracian* Campe.

Call. Or presently send challenges to Nine
Of their best *Captaines*, to fight Three to One.

Art. We will doe more then fight, with your faire leaves,
We will get *Fighters* on you. *Orith:* Is that your errand?

Art. That, and to helpe away the Solitude
And tediousnesse oth' night. *Thal:* Well, since we doe
Beleeve you valiant, and worthy of our favours,
How will you order things? Three to two women
Is one too much: *Orith:* One must stand out; unlesse
You'l take the *Centinel* in for a third.

To

To men of your indifferent purposes
It should be all one; she's of the right Sex.

Neand. We'l draw cuts who shall have her. What say you
My pretty *Diomed* oth' *Cawdles*, will you
For one night lay aside your contemplations } *They draw*
How to take towne in *Marchpane*; or expresse } *Lots.*
The *Siege of Thebes*, or travels of *Uliſſes*
In *sweet meats*, and make one of us? *Mar.* I'll take
My fortune Sir, *Neand.* *Artops*, She's yours; I did
Præſage thy melting Hymnes, and ſtraines, would end
In a *Corne-Cutter*. *Art.* She is not fifty Sir,
Nor 1 the fifteenth in ſucceſſion, to
A *Flavia*, who brings manchet to the Campe;
This is no *Sutlers wife*. *Thal.* Go wench prepare
The Beds. *Oriſh.* But ſhould you, now, reveale, or rumour
Your Entertainment. *Call.* Do you thinke us ill bred Rascals?
Fellowes that can't conceale? *Thal.* Or ſhould you tell
How kind, how free you found us, how we uſed you— } *An A-*
Ne. We'l rather cut our tongues out & live ſpeechles. } *larme*
Ori. Hark, what means this? *Tha.* The Camp is up in } *within.*
(Armes

SCÆNA IV.

To them *Menalippe*, and *Martheſia*, in ſhow frighted, After-
wards *Theagines*, and *Meleager*, at one Doore; *Ma-*
crinus, *Lacero*, *Serpix* at another; all diſguis'd.

Men. Fly, Madams, fly, we are betrayed. *Mar.* The enemy
Hath ſeiz'd upon the *Works*; taken the *King*;
Burnt our *Queenes Tent*; ſlaine all the *Captaines*; and is
Now marching hither. *Oriſh.* Now ſhow your valours, And
Helpe to defend thoſe whom you Love. *Call.* Alas, Ladies;
You can fight for your ſelves. This is the firſt
Time we e're ſaw the *Field*. *Neand.* Alas what can

Three

Three doe against an Army? *Thal:* Will you not
Then draw your weapons. But stand like worsted Captaines
In Arras? *Orith:* Will you let us and your selves
Be taken, and make no resistance? Or will you
Be killed like people in their sleep? *Neand:* Lasse, Ladies,
What would you have us doe? We have been borne
And bred in peace, and were ne're us'd to fighting.

Orith. O more then women cowards! And will you dye
Clashing of Swords within.

Like men oth'peace too? *Ar.* Hark, swords, swords; they come.

Thal. Why do you quake? Why do you looke about you?
Would you faine hide your selves? *Art:* Hark swords again.

Orith. If you will, there's an old Drum yonder, with
One head, wee'l whelme it over you. *Art.* Thank you, Ladies.

Thal. Or packe you up in one oth' waggons, with
A bare Hide over you, where you may passe
For Cheese, or Ammunition. *Call:* 'Twill doe well.

Men. Or, Madam, what if we pull'd down our Tents,
And wrapt them up ith' Curtaines? *Neand:* 'Twill doe better.
Theag: within. You three take that way, we'l take this; slay all

Enter The. Mel. Mac. Lac. Serp.
That will not yeild. *Art:* Oh! here they come. *The:* what flying?
Taking wing? Seize these Captaines, And disarme 'em.

Mel. Ladies, we doe intend no warre against you.
Our Quarrels are with men. *Theag:* Doe they refuse?

They disarm 'em.
Show them Campe Law. *Call:* We doe not, Sir, there Freind,
There is my sword. *Neand.* And there is mine; pray use
Me like a Gentleman. *Serp:* Come, Sir, you part
As slowly with your sword, as that with the scabbard.

Macr. Ye have no Artillery in your pocket, have you,
That will o'retake men at a distance, and
Arrest 'em at Fivescore? *Nea.* Sure freind there's all. (to men.
The. Next blind their eys with their own scarfs. *Mac:* Hold Gē-
Hold

Hold your heads faire, and shut your eys, that we } *They*
 May close 'em double. *Lac:* Stir not as you desire } *blind 'em*
 To keep 'em in your Head, and not put out.

Call. We doe not, Sir. *Serp:* So; There's one Darknesse more
 Then that we caught you in. *Theag:* Now lead 'em bound
 To th' other *Captives*; And attend the *Council*
 Of warre with 'em ith' morning. *Mac:* Come Gentlemen.

Exeunt.

S C Æ N A V.

Theagines, Melcager, Orithya, Thalestris,
Menalippe, Marthesia.

Theag. Ladies, you see we've kept our words; The houres
 Did fly with leaden wings 'till we did earne
 The sweet Rewards y' have promised. *Mel:* Next unto
 The thought of this nights Raptures, which you will
 Inspire into our soules, we doe take pleasure
 To be thought worthy to be Actours in
 Your just revenge. *Orith:* My Lords, we looke on you
 As those we dare trust, such as understand
 What Ladies favours are, How merited;
 And withall, how to be concealed. Love hath
 His *Mysteries*, as well as *shrines*, and *Temples*;
 To which a *secrecy* is due; And th' are
 Profaned when publisht. *Thal:* Besides, you are our *Equals*;
 And though we cannot call you Husband, yet
 To reape the fruit of Husbands from you, will be
 No staine, or blemish to us. But could you thinke us,
 So vulgar, so indifferent, so hard driven,
 In making our Elections, to defile
 The *Honours* of our *Beds* with those who next
 Would finde us *Bodies*? *Orith:* Especially, with those

VVho'd

Who'd make our *Nights* the Discourse of their *Dayes*.
 And so they might gaine credit by our favours,
 Would prostitute our *Fames*; And when they did not
 Enjoy our persons, would call t new pleasures to
 Lye with our *Reputations*. *Thal*: What would these three
 Parcel-guilt-silken-Gentlemen have said
 Had they possesst us, who so freely boasted
 The leave we gave them to make visits to us?
 As if to show good breeding were a crime;
 Or to be civil in a strange place. *Theag*: True Ladies;
 They said you were the most strange easy things;
 So inclining to mankinde, as if you had
 A purpose to disperse Bills through the Campe,
 T^e invite men to your Lodgings; And would propose
 Rewards to them who best performed. *Thal*. They said
 You had two *Ladies* too, which did use painting;
 And ne're wore their owne faces; But did vary
Shapes every morning; And goe forth of their Closets
 Things of their own Creation. *Orith*: They left it
 Doubtful too, and to be suspected, as if
 Your Ladies loved Plurality; And that they
 At Court did goe halfe Husbands with you. *Mel*: Well,
 Halfe our Revenge is past; The other Halfe
 We will contrive between your melting Armes,
Orith. You two sing us asleep; And when y' have done,
 Goe walke the Round, and see the Watch relieved.

Exeunt.

The

The first Song, sung by two Amazons.

(1)

Time is the feather'd Thing;
 And whilest I praise
 The sparklings of thy Lookes, and call them Rayes,
 Takes wing;
 Leaving behind him as He flies,
 An unperceiv'd dimnesse in thine eyes.
 His Minutes whilst th' are told,
 Doe make us old;
 And every Sand of his fleet Glasse,
 Increasing Age as it doth passe,
 Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
 Where Flowers and Roses doe appear.
 Whilest we doe speak our fire
 Doth into Ice expire.
 Flames turne to Frost;
 And e're we can
 Know how our Crow turnes Swan,
 Or how a silver Snow
 Springs there where Jet did grow,
 Our fading spring is in dull Winter lost.

(2)

Since, then, the Night hath hurl'd
 Darknesse, loves shade
 Over its Enemy the Day, and made
 The World,
 Just such a blind and shapelisse thing,
 As 'twas before Light did from Darknesse spring;
 Let us impley its treasure,

And

And make shade pleasure;
 Let's number out the Houres by Blisset,
 And count the Minutes by our Kisses.
 Let the Heavens new motions feeles;
 And by our Imbraces wheele.
 And Whil'st we try the Way,
 By which Love doth convey
 Soule into Soule;
 And mingling so,
 Makes them such Raptures know,
 As makes th. m entranced lye
 In mutual Extasy:

Let the Harmonious Spheares in Musicke rowle.

Ex. Men. & Marsh.

SCENA VI.

Having changed Clothes to their Doublets,
 Enter Callias, Neander, Artops.
 Their eyes blinded with black patches; led by
 Macrinus, Lacero, Serpiz.

Macr. Come Gentlemen, without resistance now
 Disrobe your upper parts. What's wanting in
 Good Clothes, your patience must supply. Lac: Good troth
 Your Doublets suite not with your Breeches: Rents
 To Rents, And Ragges to Ragges is fashionable.
 But as y' are now you looke like Men of Gold
 Creeping forth of your Oares: And are the Emblems
 Of that State which does know no middle subjects,
 But is compos'd wholly of Lords and Beggers.

Call. Well, Sir, Necessity which made you feed } They change
 The Numerous Thracians, which now feed on me } Doublets.
 In these your Breeches, And draw blood, which is

E

Against

Against *Campe Law*, does here perswade me to
 Resigne my *Doublet*; pray shake yours, Sir. *Neant*: There,
 My Freind, who e're you are, there is whole plunder.
 Pray, if you can, spare me a *Doublet* which
 Hath *linings* in't, and no *Glasse Windowes*. For, if
 My feeling doe not faile me with my sight,
 Your *Nether Garment* is halfe *Net*, halfe *Breeches*;
 And statutably will catch greater fish,
 And let small passe, as well as cloth. *Lac*: Troth, Sir,
 You shall e'en have 'em as I wore 'em, fellows;
 They were new once: It was not in my power
 To keep them at a stand, by miracle.
Time which devour'd his *Children*, will eat *H. les*, Sir.

Art. Stay, stay, stay, stay Friend: Sure you must release
 My eyes, to see to put your *Vesture* on right.

Serp. I warrant you, Sir. *Art*: So; There is one Arme
 Past through a *Labyrinth*. I doe expect
 The other should be lost by th' way. This *Jerkin*:
 Is wholly made of *Doxes*; And had need have
 A thread belong to it. *Serp*: Now 'tis on, Sir. *Art*: Thank you.
 Y'are sure y' have not mistaken? *Serp*. How d'you mean?

Art. I mean your *Breeches* for your *Doublet*; As being
 Indifferent in their use, which should be worne
 Above, and which below? *Serp*: All's right, believe it, Sir.

Mac. Next, Gentlemen, you must once more submit
 Your Armes to these *hempe prisons*. No striving; You
 Know where you are. *Call*. Sir, we are tames; y' have made us
 So by the Imprisonment of our Legges already. { *They pinion*
 But if our Elbowes doe breake prison, pray { *th. m.*
 Impute it to the looseesse of your buildings.

Lac. So; Now y' are all compleat: you look't before
 Like *Him* who first invented *Coaches*, to hide
 His double Making. Who was downwards *Serp. nt*,
 Upwards a well shap't *man*. *Serp*: Good troth, me thought,
 Your

Your *nether parts* lookt as they would petition
Your *upper* for an Almes; Or else, as if
You had *'bove girde* been the *Founders*, and
Below, the *Hospitall*. *Call*: Well, freinds, you may
Laugh at our miseries, and raise sport from
Your torne exchanges. But is this noble usage
Of Souldiers unto Souldiers, thus to strippe us?

Mac. When we take *sheepe* with golden *Fleeces*, 'Tis
Our custome to returne *Wool* for their *Plate*.

Lac. We doe not strippe you, but changes cases: Clothes
For Clothes was still held honourable. *Neand*: And now,
In troth, most worthy Captaines, (For we have
Created you) what's your intent? What will you
Doe with us thus reduced to Totters? *Mac*: That
Is as the Councel shall determine. Perhaps,
Imploy you in our workes to digge: And there
Worke out your *Ransomes*, 'till the warre be ended,
As *pioners*. *Neand*: Must we rowle wheele-barrowes?
Or manage Spades, and Mattockes then? And earne
Our bread and water with the Picke-axe? *Serp*: Perhaps,
We shall obtaine you outright for our *slaves*.

Then having mark't you, to be knowne our *Bond-men*,
We will transport you home to *Thrace*, and there
Make sale of you in some publique Market: You'l
Be vendible Commodities. Perhaps,
Some who have store of Wives will buy you to
Make *Eunuches* of, and geld you. *Mac*: Or perhaps
Some ancient widdowes, long past bearing, will
Buy you for their own private use. *Lac*: Or else,
Perhaps, to make short worke, The Councel will
Condemne you to the *Gallies*, There to row
Your Dayes out 'gainst the *Persian*; or fetch Corne
Monthly from *Egypt*: Sugar from *Creet*: Or Spunges
From *Sam.s.* *Art*: And our wages be to feele
The scourge about our shoulders if the winde

Sit opposite, and we can't row. *Lac:* There must
Be such corrections, to quicken diligence.

Call. Pray as y' are noble, and know how to pity
Humane misfortunes, let us aske one Question.

Mac. As many as you please. *Call.* If by Starre-light
You can discern so farre, How farre are we
From a Tall *Oake*, which may be clymb'd by such
Iuyes as we? Or a straight *Elme*, which may
Support th' Imbraces of such *Vines*? *Mac:* Why aske you.

Call. Because if any such kinde natural plant
Be near, we would intreat you not t' omit
The Opportunity; But to prevent
Our Greater by lesse sufferings, would imploy
Those Cords which binde our Armes, about our Necks,
And hang us up by *mooneshine*. *Mac:* Alas, such favours
Are not in our powers. If it be your fate
So to be sentenc'd, we will doe you all
The friendly Offices we can. *Call:* We thanke you.

Lac. Mean time, perhaps to you 'tis mid ight, gentlemen;
No Sunne appears to you: But to us day breakes,
We will conduct you to the place where you
Shall know your doomes. Pray follow leisurely.
And doe not stumble. *Neand:* If't be our destiny
To dye by th' *string*, the comfort is we are *Three*.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Enter *Theagines* and *Meleager* buttoning themselves. After
a while followed by *Oritkya* and *Thalassris*.

Theag. In my opinion, my Lord, these are
The strangest *Amazons* that ever left
Their female Countrey for the use of men.
How did you finde yours? Mine had *Breasts*. *Mel:* Troth mine,
I thinke

I thinke hath scap't the rasour too; I had
No leisure to examine parts. I found
No defects in her; But me thought she was
To me a whole and perfect woman; I'me sure
She found me an entire and perfect man.

Theag. There's a strange sweetnesse in them; how they melt
Betweene ones Armes, and call one Husband? *Mel:* I
Thought mine would have fulfill'd the *Fable*, where
The *Nymph* dissolv'd into a *Fountaine*. *Theag:* But
How will our *Ladies* brooke this if they know it?

Mel. How? Thanke us for being civil unto *Ladies*.
Would they be willing these should report us *clownes*?
Or men void of *Humanity*, at their
Returne home to their Countrey. *Theag:* 'Tis true; had we
Dismiss'd them as they came, both to our shame,
And shame of our posterity, they might
Record us Impotent in *Chronicle*;

Or say they were receiv'd *women* by *women*.

Mel. Here they come. Ladies, you appear to us
Like two *Sunne risings* breaking from your *Curtaines*.

Theag. The *Day* 'till now was not begun; you make
The *morning*, which enables us to see
Those Beauties by their owne light, which did turne
The Darkenesse of the Night into such pleasure,
As happy Lovers doe enjoy below,
In their *Elysian* Fields. *Orish:* Fye, fye, my Lords;
Is this your recompence to mocke us for
Having bad faces? *Thal.* Cause nature play'd the Stepdame,
And made us not of the same Orient matter
Of which she fram'd your *Ladies*, Must you adde
Your flouts to her hard workmanship? *Theag:* 'Fore Heaven
I could for ever gaze on your faire eyes.

'Tis Heaven, where e're I may behold your faces;

Y'are wholly made of charme. *Mel:* You are two *Circes*,

Two amiable *Conjurors*; Once gotten
 Into your *Circle*, there's no getting out:
 A thousand *Graces* play upon your lips,
 And every kisse is a new *Syren*, which
 Invites us to take more, and there to fix,
 Till they grow Infinite. *Theag*: Then for your beds,
 They are two *Phoenix Nests* which breath perfumes;
 You rose from us, to Day, as *spice* from *Altars*,
 Two perfect *Sacrifices*. *Orith*: Well, since you will
 Needs put great value on slight favours, we
 Shall know how you esteeme us by your visits
 In this kinde often. *Thal*: Next, That you may perceive
 What Confidence we dare put in you, And
 How ill it would become us to admit
 You to our *Beds*, and shut you from our *Counsels*:
 Know that this Day, if you doe not prevent it,
 Your *Campe* will be betray'd to the Enemy.

Theag: How Ladies? 'Tis not possible; pray who
 Should be the *Traitors*? *Orith*: Our *Princesse*, and her *Sister*.
 You stand amazed now. *Theag*: Troth it stirres my wonder,
 Treason should lodge in such fair Lookes. *Thal*: These Lookes
 Are, Sir, the Cause, and Ground of what we tell you.
 Your King ignobly did refuse them, when
 They fell below themselves, and wooed Him. *Orith*: Which
 Being knowne to th' *Prince* of *Thrace*, he joyning Love
 To their Revenge, hath frequently stolne hither
 In a Disguise, and courted, and prevailed.
 This morning is appointed as the last
 Time of their Intervewes, before the Nuptials.

Thal. 'Tis too concluded, Sir, He shall restore
 Your *Princesse*. (I or he sayes, to force Affection,
 Were to wedde halfe a *Queen*, and match her *Body*
 Without her *soule*; Nor can the marriage be
 Perfect where *minds* joyne not as well as *bands*,

And

And have their knot too) And in her stead shall
Make choice of one of ours. *Orith*: Then for
Roxane, Hee'l transport her backe, as scorning
To match there where himselfe hath been refused.
And for their Carriage of all this, 'Tis order'd
That when the Battles joyne, we, on the Word,
And Signe given, shall revolt, and turne to that side.

Mel. You have made great Discoveries. *Theag*: Who is this?

Eurymedon pass:th by.

Orith. Now trust your owne eyes; That's *Eurymedon*,
Going to our *Queenes Tent*. Make what wise use
Of this you please. And say you have not lost
By the Company of Ladies. *Theag*: Wee looke upon you
As the preservers of our Countrey. *Mel*: We, *Ent*. *Menalippe*
Will erect Sacred *Statues* to you, as *and Marthesia*.
To th' *Tutelar Dieties* that saved us. *Men*: Madam,
Here is the second part oth' *Comædy*.
The Souldiers are come with their prisoners:
The strangest spectacle- *Orith*: Why, what's the Matter?
Mar: Unlesse it were the *Fayre*, where the *Decays*
Of *time* are acted, I never saw three men
So made of Ragges. The Souldiers have changed Clothes,
And plunder'd 'em. *Thal*: Go bid 'em enter. *Mel*: Come Ladies
Wee'l make two in your *Council*, And then to th' King.

SCÆNA II.

To them *Callias*, *Neander*, *Artops*: (Led by
Macrinus, *Lacero*, *Serpix*.)

Macr. Come Gentlemen, now stand in Ranke, and keep
Due distance from the *Lords*; Lest there passe from you
A creeping Entercourse, which may disturbe
The sitting of the *Court*. *Theag*. Are these the *Captaines*

E 4

You

You tooke last Night? *Mac*: These are the Three *Commanders*
 An't please your *Lordships*; who have since chang'd *shapes*
 With us their *conquerours*. *Mel*: Indeed they looke
 As if They lately had been in a *Fight*;
 Their *Garments* doe want *Surgeons*. What's your name?
Cal. Callias, *Me*. What's yours? *Ne. Neander*. *Me*. Whats yours?
Theag. I do remember you: you were imployed (*Art*: *Artops*.
 In our late *civil Warre*, by the factious Members
 Of our *Synedrion*, when they arm'd their *slaves*,
 And made their *Bondmen Curiaffeirs* against
 Th' *Equestral Order*; And did enact it lawful
 Ith' *Kings* Name to take Armes against him; And
 Out of obedience to him to rebel.
 And 'mongst their other wilde and furious *Votes*,
 Decreed it lawful, for the good oth' Subject,
 To rife their *Estates*; slaughter their *persons*;
 Ravish their *Wives*, and to defloure their *Daughters*.

Mel. Are these the three, who helpt to make war 'gainst
 Our *Gods*? And to reforme their *Temples*, did
 Deface their *Altars*? And called it sacrifice
 To robbe them of their *Incense*, And pull downe
 Their *Images*? And did erect strange *Priests*,
 Taken from *Awles* and *Anvils*, to deliver
 False *Oracles* unto the people? *Theag*: These
 Sir, are the three. *Mel*: Apply the Racke to them,
 To force true Answers from them to our Questions.
Call. Pray hold, pray hold, Freinds. Alas, my Lords, we are not
 The men you mean. We ne're saw *Warres* before,
Civil, or *Forraigne*, Nor ever were beyond
 Our owne Coasts yet. *Neand*. Nor doe we understand
 What your *Synedrion* is, unlesse it be
 Your *Mayor* and *Senate of Bizantium*.
 Who, as we heare, once in an age runne madde;
 And then talke Idly, of nought but *Liberty*;

Changing

Changing of Government; The fatal periods
Of States and Kingdomes; How they may coine new Gods,
And new Religions. Art: They may vote twice two thirty:
Or their owne Scarlet's gray; Or Thracians, Scythians;
Or that they not rebel against your King,
When in a popular fury they cast off
The yoke of subjects, For any aide they e're (selves
Received from us. Theag: Well, since y' have cleared your
Of that great doubt, Resolve us then, what makes
The Queen of Amazons among you? Call: What made
Her Grandmother in Alexanders Army?
She comes to shew her selfe her Neece, to fight,
And to have Amazons begot upon her.

Neand. Had these not interrupted us, we should
By this have knowne whether her Ladies came
For the same businesse. Mel: That Sir is presum'd;
Subjects are bound to imitate their Princes.

Theag. Next, what are your designes? We heare you mean
This day to give us battle. Call: For our designes,
Some say you have tame pidgeons, taught to fly
With Newes and Letters, betwixt campe and campe;
Whereby our Counsels are no sooner hatcht,
But they take wing to you. Neand: Others affirme,
You have your Multiplying Instruments,
Which take our truths at one end, and, like glasses,
Show them in various shapes to th' people; And
Returne your monsters to us at the other,
In shapes more various and prodigious,
To fright us, as the Barbarous did of old,
With Elephants, and Castles in the Aire;
And such like Expeditions; which once knowne,
Looke bigge, and are despised. Art: Then for the battle,
This is the Day for our new Legions
To be brought in; which when they come, Our King

Inten ds

Intends to stake his *Kingdome* 'gainst your *Princess*:
 The *Conquerour* take both. *Mel*: This is a playnesse,
 Which does show generous in you. Lastly, therefore
 As you'l avoide the tortures of the Wheele,
 Or Racke, in Questions of this moment; Tell us,
 What *Officers* have you that may be bought,
 To let us have good penny-worths, if we
 Should have occasion to joyne Art to Armes,
 And chaffer for a *Castle*, *Fort*, or *Towne*,
 Or a *Defeate*, or so? How's your *Prince* guarded?

Call. As a *Prince* should be, by *Gentlemen*; whose *Lives*
 Are cheaper to them then their *Honours*; And
 More cheaply to be purchast from them. Men
 VVho'd looke on tempters, as new Enemies;
 And think't New Justice added to their cause,
 To fight 'gainst those who would corrupt 'em; Briefly,
 Th' are men who doe propose onely these two
 Brave ends unto themselves, to dye, and to
 Be Loyal to their *Prince*: About whose person
 Their *Valours* make one *Guard*, their *Loves* another.

Art. Some under *Officers* perhaps there may be,
 VVhose trade and occupation 'tis to kill,
 And to grow rich by *slaughters*; Vile market *Spirits*,
 Who doe not fight for *Fame*, or *Cause*. But thinke
 That side is most ith' Right which gives most *pay*,
 And these warres Justest where there is most *plunder*:
 Who n you may buy o're to your side, and we
 Upon a New Sale, may buy backe againe.
 You I believe have some in your Campe too,
 Who are like *Victory*; Hover a while
 With doubtful wings between both Armies, and
 At last forsake the weakest. *Theag*: Since y' have made
 A free Confession, wee'l now proceed unto
 As free a Censure of you. My Lords, pronounce

Each

Each in your order. *Orith*: My sentence is, that since
They were caught in a Ladies Tent, at Houres
When all good Souldiers should be on their watches,
And since they were surprized, and no swords drawne:
(Which renders them uncappable of a
More manly punishment) They be attir'd
In *Womens clothes*, and so led through the campe
In triumph, then left to their *Ransomes*. *Thal*: I
Concurre with you; But doe adde farther, that
Instead of *Ransome*, in that dresse they be
Returned to be another show of scorne
To their own Army. *Theag*: What say you two? *Men*: We
Doe both agree in one brieve vote; which is
That since we hear they boast of *Ladies favours*,
To which a grateful, speechlesse is due,
That first they have their Tongues cut out, and so
Made *Mutes*; Next, that they be gelt, and made *Ennuches*;
And thus disabled from all what concerns
The company of *Women*, but to keepe 'em;
That they be sold to th' *Persian*; who'l imploy 'em
With the capacities in their *Seraglio's*.

Serp. You see we told you true. *Call*. Pray, pray my Lords
Reverse this cruel sentence. Rather let us
Be drest like *Women*, then be made no *Men*. (us

Neand. Rather cut off our *Heads*, then *Tongues*; and make
Mutes that way. *Mel*: To which of us doe you speake?

Neand. To the *Lords* with the treble voyces. *Mel*: Well,
Though we might shew our rights of *Conquest* on you,
And yet proceed to harder *doomes*; since *victours*
Cannot be cruel, where the worst is lawfull;
Yet if you'l sweare never hereafter to
Bear Armes against us, with your eyes we will
Restore you to your *Liberty*. *Art*: Let's sweare;
'T will be a fine excuse to keepe's from fighting.

Call:

Call. We sweare. *Mel.* By our *Gods* or your own? *Call.* By all Our *Country Gods* we'l neare beare armes against you. (me

Mel. You take the same oath? *Nea.* Yes. *Art.* If you'l have T'ie sweare by all your *Gods* too, you shall never Take me in armes against you. *The.* Perhaps you will } *They un-*
Outrun your followers. Now unbinde 'em, next } *bind 'em.*

They unblinde 'em.

Give 'em their sight. *Orith.* Ha, ha, ha, Looke how meekely, And peaceably they looke? *Thal.* what a *Tranquillity*, And harmlesse *Calme* is in their *Countenances*?

Men. How *undisturb'd* they bear this? How *serenely*? As if they were at Truce with all the world.

Mar. Who would not be a *coward*, to be endu'd With such a guist of *Patience*? *Theag.* Gentlemen, Having so amply testified your valors To us, and these faire Ladies, We'l report Your *Chievalry* to th' King. Meane time we leave you To your stout *Resolutions*, and *Chronicle*, To be set forth in *Epicke Meeter* on you.

Mel. Farewel brave *Champions*; Take heed your examples Doe not infect your *Companions*. *Orith.* Pray, when You have spare houres, and are returned unto Your courages, let us once more partake Of your defences at our *Tent*. *Thal.* And as You finde us free, and yeilding, pray for our Sakes, and your own, conceale your Entertainment.

Exeunt.

(dangers

Men. Pray keep your selves whole men. *Mar.* And safe from

Mac. Captaines we have our pay a month before hand. We'l take leave too, and returne to our postures.

Call. Pray stay, pray stay; Is not your name *Macrinus*?

Mac. Yes Sir. *Nea.* Yours *Lacero* I take it? *Lac.* True Sir.

Call. And you are *Lanspesado Serp*? *Serp.* Sir, I should deny my selfe else. *Nea.* And 'tis thought

These

These are your *Breeches*? *Lac*: We confesse it; And
These yours, and *Doublets*. *Mac*: Troth we know you scorne
To weare 'em after us; or to put on
Clothes which you once cast off. *Serp*: Adiew sweet Captains;
We will report your Bounty to the Campe.

Lacer. And show how you have gilded us, and made us
Three Compleat *Gentlemen* of your *Companies*.

Exeunt.

S C Æ N A III.

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call. *Neander*? *Neand*: Hum. *Call*. Was this a *dream*, & did
All these appear to us in our *sleepe*? Or wast
A reall *vision*? *Neand*: Why doe you aske?

Call. Because, if it were reall, I expect
That passages so fit for History,
Shall not scape *Mercuries* or *Scout-Gazetes*;
But shortly be recorded with the Deedes
Of *Democraticke John*, or the *Red nosed Burgesse*,
Who enacts *Ordinances* in *Sackes*; or with
The Life and Death of *Preaching Not*, and *Rowland*.

Neand If we scape rascal poetry I care not.
All my feare is, lest he who carved the *Embleme*
Of the *Oxe* with foure Hornes, spitting fire, like one
Oth' Bulls which *Jason* conquer'd, should cut us
With wings, in most vile libel figure, flying,
Like *Owles* by Twilight, and moultring these our feathers,
Before two *she Kites*, following us with *Quivers*.

Call. True; And then *Pistoclerus*, who lives by
His yearely Gifts in scarping verse, and pictures,
T' expound this to the multitude in Ballad,
Sung to the direful Tune of *Orpheus* torne

By

By *Oyster Wives*. *Neand*: *Artops*, Suppose this should
 Arrive to th' Knowledge of your browne Lycoris
 Ith' Suburbs? *Art*: Pray don't trouble me, I'me in
 A serious Contemplation. *Neand*: What it's? *Art*: Why,
 If you'l needs know, 'Tis whether it be not fit
 (To prove our selves no Cowards, and to show
 How much we can slight Death in any shape)
 That we should call our *Regiments* together,
 Erect a handsome *Traverse*; Then desire
 The Company they'd joyne with us in one
 Of *Homers Odes*, and after a short confession,
 Turne our selves off in Packthread. *Call*: Come, we must
 Doe something to redeeme our Credits: The Boyes
 VVill else tye Squibbes behinde us, as we passe,
 And make us walke the streets in *Fireworkes*.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA IV.

Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene.

Eurym. Madam, you put too great names on my visits,
 To stile them meritorious Dangers. 'Tis
 So little I have done, thus to adventure
 To your faire prefence, secur'd onely by
 The weake vaile and cloud which I weare about me,
 That this but rankes me yet 'mongst vulgar Lovers;
 VVho would doe much more for one fading *Kisse*,
 VVhich dies in the fruition, and perishes
 VVhilest 'tis received, from her they love. *Barf*. But Sir,
 So often to descend from your great selfe,
 VVhere once had been enough to gaine a *Princesse*;
 And to submit your selfe to this darke shade,
 VVhich might betray you, and at best conceales you

But

But as *Eclipses* doe conceale the *Sun*,
 Which when they hide, doe robbe him too, and take
 His bright rayes for him; And all this to enjoy
 The fraile sight of a *Woman*, who returnes
 You nought but taske for visit, and whose presence
 Might it securely be posselt, and you
 Not venture a *Captivity* as often.

As you passe to and fro, at most can make
 But this Poore, short requital, to be seene
 Such as she is, one onely rich in promises,
 Where she wants treasures more substantial;
 And those performed so much below the Receiver,
 So apt to breed repentance, as to deserve
 Onely to passe 'mongst the Injuries of *Love*,
 In such a noblenesse, which first esteemes
 And values meane things, whose worth is *Opinion*,
 And then findes Arguments to prize them, and
 T' account them amiable: Y' have added this
 To my releasement when I was your prisoner,
 Still to proceed in the same generous error;
 Still to believe me worthy to be loved,
 As then to be surprized, and to be told so.

Eurym. You are the first, most Gracious *Barsene*,
 Who robbed her selfe to make another rich;
 Or stript her selfe of her owne praises to
 Adorne anothers wants, and then looke on him
 As a thing worthy to be valued. The *Gods*
 When they returne a large and plenteous *vintage*
 For a few Drops of *Wine* pour'd on their *Altars*:
 Or doe repay a *graine* or two consumed
 In *Sacrifice*, with a whole field of *Incense*,
 Or when they doe requite a *pilgrimage*
 Made to their *Shrines*, with answers which doe promise
 More then the *Supplicant* or askes, or hopes for,

Are

Are not more bounteous, more free and liberal,
 Then you; who thus doe glorify what you
 In Justice might despise, And call your owne
 Perfections, which attract me to your presence,
 Desert in me, Or thinke I merit, when
 You make me happy. Nor can I count my visits
 Among my dangers, which are so much sweetned
 By your allowance of them. If they be dangers,
 'Tis a felicity I cover to
 Be allwayes near my *Thraldome*. To be taken
 Coming or going, and held captive, will
 Be such a suffering as will endear it selfe;
 And be one of my pleasures, when I thinke
 For whose sake I'me a *Bondman*. *Bar*: But, Great Sir,
 What can you see in me, besides a minde
 Willing to understand it selfe beloved:
 And to returne affection for affection,
 Which should expose you to these perils; And
 Make't an *Adventure* every time you see me;
 And your returne backe an *escape*? *Eur*: I see
 A forme more beautiful, more attracting, then
 All those for which the King of *Gods* left *Heaven*.
 And which t' enjoy, he rather chose to be
 Transformed into a *Flame*, or spangled *showre*,
 Then to remaine the thunderer; and thought it
 A happier shape to be a *Swanne*, then to
 Be clothed with his owne *Lighning*. Should you set
 The taskes of *Hercules*, or bid me turne
 Fable into story, and make his *Labours* mine;
 Or should enjoyne my fights where th' enemy
 Growes numerous from my conquests. And multiply
 From every wound I give him; And having finisht
 One *Labour*, should you straight prescribe another,
 And make me so divide my life between

My

My *love* and *conflicts*; Such a reward as you,
 Would be a greater recompence, then to
 Be placed among the *Starres*, and there to shine
 A *constellation*, wreath'd about with my
 Owne Victories; and glittering with the spoiles
 I tooke from *Lyons*. *Rox*: Well, Sir, *Barsene* hath
 Receiv'd so true, so full a Testimony
 Both of your Love, and fortitude, that now
 Nothing is wanting to put both you and us
 In full possession of our wishes, but
 The opportunity to reveale our selves
 After the noblest manner. *Bar*: Your taske is onely
 To set your Army in array, to joyne
 Battle with ours, that, from this shew of warre.
 Wee may at our returne unto our selves,
 The better raise a peace: And make an *Olive*
 Spring from our *mirtles*. Mean time I am your *Conquest*.
Eur. And I, who came a *Prince*, returne your *Captive*.

Exeunt.

SCENA V.

*Archidamus, Lyncestes, Polydamas, Theagines,
 Meleager.*

Archid. My Lords, *Lyncestes* and *Polydamas*,
 You two stoppe all the passages by which
 The *Prince* of *Thrace* is to returne; That done,
 Put the *new forces* you have brought in *posture*,
 And fit *Array*, if need be, to suppress
 All Campe *commotions*. We are not safe 'mongst *Women*.

Lync. It shall be done. *Arch.* And let th' old *Forces* be
 In readinesse, if th' adverse army doe
 Invite us to joyne battle, to entertaine it,

F

And

And meet them in the Field. *Polyd.* It shall be Order'd.

Arch. But is it credible *Eurymedon* Should have the confidence to trust himselfe To a thinne weake disguise, and in a cloud So open and transparent, should passe through My campe, on such a treacherous Enterprize?

Theag. He's now Sir at the *Queens Tent*, where they hold A secret Consultation. *Mel.* We saw him enter Just at the Instant when two of her Ladies, The one *Lieutenant-General* of the Army, The other *Lady-Marshal* of the Field, Were telling us the plot. *Arch.* That 'tis concluded, *Roxane* shall be carried backe to *Thrace*, *Barsene* be restored (perhaps deflower'd) And hee to choose *Hyppolyta*, or her Sister, Instead of mine to be his *Queen*? *Theag.* Yes, Sir, They are indifferent, and are resolved.

Since you refused 'em, to wedde by *Lottery*. Of which refusal they are so sensible, That when both armies joyne, 'tis too contriv'd, (Which I doe wonder they should, yet, discover) The *Amazons*, upon the signe given, shall Turne to the other side: And sacrifice Your overthrow to their Revenge: Or what's More to be feared, your *Kingdome* to their *Nuptials*.

Mel. *Antiope*, the sister, wants a portion: And if she bring your *Crowne*, and *Scepter* with her; Or if t' enlarge her *Husbands Territories*, She adde yours to 'em, the Match will be more Princely, And she appear so much the more herselfe, Sir, If she can raise a Dowry from your Conquest.

Arch. Oh the deceitfulness of women! whose Affection's like the Rainbow, can shew painted, And court us with a thousand beauteous colours,

Yet

Yet all this onely serve to guild a storme;
And make a tempest looke more flattering.
We must use plot 'gainst plot. To seize upon
The Ladies were dishonourable; And
To take these Captive who are now our Guests,
(Though they deserve it, having forfeited
The stile of friends they brought, for enemies)
Would be our blot in History. You two, therefore,
Seize on the Prince at his returne, his ransome
Shall be the restitution of our Ladies.

A Battle beaten within, Enter Macrinus. (Campes
Harke, what means this? Macr: Arme, arme your selves, both
Are joyned; And th' Amazons have put themselves
In armes against us, 'Tis rumor'd through the Field,
To charge us in the reare, the Thracians
In Front; and so t' encircle us in a
Parenthesis of enemies, compos'd
Of men before us, and women, Sir, behinde.

Arch. We'l to the field straight. O false Sex! the winde
May be made constant, but not womankind.

Exeunt.

SCENA VI.

After a battle beaten within, enter at one doore, in fighting
postures, Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager. At
the other Eurymedon, Clytus, Hippocles.

Arch. I'me glad I have met you out of Cloudes, in your
Owne shape, and like your selfe. Y' have hitherto
Obscur'd your selfe, in Mistes, of you owne railing
To play the theefe in; since you landed false Prince!
Was't not enough you did pursue my Queen
With your unnecessary expedition;

And when our *Nuptial Torch* was placed, and kindled
 Upon the *Altar*, must then quench it; And
 Like those who doe robbe *Temples* (For to take her
 Thus from me was plaine *Sacriledg.*) must snatch her
 Then backe againe, just when the *Sacred Cake*
 Was breaking 'twixt the *Flamens* hands, And all
 The *Gods of Weddings* in their *Saffron Robes*,
 But as part of your pyracie, and itealth,
 (If yet the trecherous surprize of a
 Weake Company of *Ladies* doe deserve
 A name not yet more infamous) must joyne
 My *sister*, and the beauteous part of my
 Whole *Court*, and *Kingdome* in the *Rape*? As if
 You meant t' erect a new *Seraglio*, or
 T' enlarge your old: And take them prisoners first,
 Then use them 'mongst your other *prostitutes*?

Enrym. Is this all? *Arch.* There is one thing more. To shew
 Your power upon that *Sex*, (which you, I see,
 Have striu'd by all wayes to make yours. And, where
 By force you could not, have conquer'd by *Petition*)
 Was't not enough you did begin the warre
 In the surprize of *Ladies*, but that since
 You must continue it by *Stratagem*,
 More treacherous then the first? And in your false
 And borrowed *shapes*, (In which you nightly have
 Appeared to the *Queen of Amazons*) must tempt
 Her, and her *Ladies* from their pure affections,
 Which made them first resolve, wonne by the Justice,
 And goodnesse of my cause, to fight for me,
 Until seduc'd they grew *Conspiratours*,
 And did resolve to fight for you? Had you
 First taken, and then match't *Barsene*, yet,
 To be your *Queen*, thus, had not been a *Wedding*,
 But a *captivity*; And to be forc'd

Unto

Unto your bed with shackles on, is not
To be your *Princesse*, but your *slave*, But first
To take her prisoner, And, (For ought I know)
To use your power of Conquest on her, and
To make her first unworthy of your *Nuptials*,
And then despise her, for one more entire,
More free, and more untoucht, (For your new *Loves*
Made to *Hippolyta*, and her *sister Prince*,
Have not been so disguis'd like you the *Lover*,
As to escape my knowledge) is such a wrong,
(Besides my other Interest of having
My *Queen* kept from me) as I stand here to punish,
Or else to adde my fail unto my sufferings.

Eurym. Have you, Sir, finisht your Oration? *Arch.* This
Onely rem aines. To save th' expence of blood,
Which may be shed on both sides, since the *Quarrel*
Is purely ours, Let's not engage our *Arms*.
But here conclude the warre, the *injur'd* with
The *injurer*, in one faire, single *combate*.

Theag. Sir, we've a cause going too; And have two *Ladies*
Who well might thinke us two indifferent *cowards*,
And very cold in their revenge, should we
Stand peaceable spectatours, whilest you fight.

Mel. We doe beseech you, Sir, Let us joyne our
Poore interest with yours; And since the number,
And quality of the *Combatants* is equal,
T' expresse the like sense of our wrongs, let it
Be three to three. *Clyt.* We doe accept the challenge;
And will maintaine, your *Ladies* are our *prisoners*,
More nobly then they were at first your *Wives*;
And that we tooke them farre more honourably
Then you first married 'em. *Eurym.* Pray stay a little.
To shew *Archidamus*, (For I will not,
Although I justly might, call you false *Prince*,

Being guilty of those accusations, which
 You sticke on me) that we bring equal causes,
 As well as equal valours, to defend them,
 Since you observ'd a *method* in your *wrongs*,
 And those suspicions onely, and imaginary,
 I'll use one in my *Answers*? 'Tis confest
 I did use art to gaine by plot what was
 By plot taken from me, *Roxane*, my best sister.
 And if in her surprize I did recover
 But what you first stole, and redeem'd my losse
 With some inforcement, this deserves the name
 Of a *Retrive* not of a *Pyracy*.
 Next that I tooke your *sister* with my owne,
 'Twas part of my *Affection* to her; *Love*
 Prompted me to the action; which doth not
 Cease to be *Love*, because it once put on
 The shape of *Force*; And that force but made use of,
 To let her know that he who tooke her was
 The greater prisoner, and was first surpriz'd.
 How I have used her since, the Gods, and she,
 Her owne *Historian*, when you see her next
 Will witnesse for me. Lastly, if refus'd
 By you, (I will not say by her, for her
 Consent takes flame from yours) I've been a suitor;
 Where I've been freely heard, and entertained,
 Ask't and prevail'd, For you to claime a Sovereignty,
 Over th' affections of *Hippolyta*,
 Or her faire *Sister*, or call me *Theefe*, or treacherous,
 Because I've added nights to my disguises,
 That my accesses to them might be more
 Secure, more undisturb'd, is such a wrong
 To me and them; that in their absence, I
 Stand here to make good with my sword, my *stealths*,
 Have been more noble then your open *Visits*.

And

And that I am more constant to *Barsene*
In the new purchase of their *Loves*, then you
Are to *Roxane* in refusing them.

Now, Sir, I am prepar'd to meet your strokes. (ceive;

Clyt. Your challenge holds too? *Theag.* Yes; you shall per-
You fight not now with *women*. *Hipp.* We see y' are *men*,
And you shall finde us such. *Mel.* 'Tis nobly promis'd.

SCÆNA VII.

*As they prepare to fight enter to them, Their faces undis-
colour'd, and to be knowne, Roxane, who takes hold of
Archidamus, Barsene of Eurymedon.*

Rox. Hold as y' are *Princes*; And respect the cries,
Of your owne *Ladies*, who in your wounds bleed.
And, if you fall, must here expire with you;
Since neither of you can fall singly, and
We not be flaine too. *Bar.* Great *Archidamus*,—
My royal Lord *Eurymedon*,— (For now
I dare professe you) what mean you to contract,
And thus remove the *Warre* into a *Duell*?
O sheath your swords; See your *Barsene* begs.

Rox. Once more heare your *Roxane*, Sir; And here
Cast downe your weapon. Or if we be the cause
Of this your strife, be reconcil'd by turning
Your swords on us. See here two *Sacrifices*
Ready to buy your peace with their owne slaughters.

Arch. How's this? *Roxane* and *Barsene*? Sure
My eyes are not themselves; Or else my joyes
Make me take *Visions* for *Realities*.

Theag. Beleeve us, Sir, These are no empty *shades*
Which will appear and vanish. *Mel.* These have bodies,
Compos'd of *Flesh* and *Bloud*. *Eur.* Now, Sir, you see,

If

If you'l proceed ith' Combate, I want not
 A noble cause to fight for. If you'l now
 Call my surprize of these a pyracie,
 Or my stolne visits since made to their Tents
 A treason, in which these went *conspiratours*,
 I hope you'l think't a *treason*, in which I
 Had onely this one honourable aime,
 To render my selfe worthy to be owned
 By this faire *Princesse*; and to betray you to
 A league and friendship with me by th' Exchange
 Of *Queens* and *sisters*. *Arch*: Is this true? *Rox*: Our plot
 Was in these borrowed shapes onely to try
 How you would bear our losse; Or whither we
 Might tempt you from your *constancy*. Which, Sir,
 Hath been so firme, so settled, so unshaken,
 So much beyond her merits who made tryal,
 That I'me now twice yours; And the second time (*Takes her in*
 Here cast my self into your *armes*. *Ar*: Y'are here, } *his Armes*.
 Once more my bright *starre* fixt in your owne *sphere*.

Bar. Then, for you, Great *Eurymedon*, to leave
 Your *Kingdome* for the fight, and spectacle
 Of one, whose *Beauty* can at most aspire
 But to be seen and pardon'd; After that,
 To turne that which at first shew'd boisterous force,
 Into a generous *courtship*; And to change
 That which I first tooke for a rude surprize,
 Into the noblest way of *love*; And there
 To be a *Supplicanr*, and to spend sighes,
 Prayers, and Petitions, where you might comm and
 Affection as your *conquest*, Addes so pure,
 So clear, so bright a Lutter to your *flame*,
 And calls forth such a just, and vertuous *heat*
 From me, to meet with yours, that from the time
 You did release, I became your *captive*;

And

The Amorous Warre.

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And you gain'd this by setting of me free,
 Onely to change one *Thraldome* for another;
 And from that time to make me weare your Fetters,
 And to be wholly *yours*. *Eur*: If these be *Fetters*,
 I shall for ever wish to be your prison; } *Takes her in*
 And thus to hold you chain'd. I hope, Sir, you } *his Armes.*
 Will not unlinke us now. *Arch*: Such a seperation
 Were such a sinne, as would be punisht with
 The anger of the *Gods*; And would deserve
 To have another added to it; And I
 Be once more in the number of the divorc'd.
 To make the knot more firme, here, Sir, In signe
 Y' have had two conquests of me, I lay downe
 My selfe, and weapon at your feet. *Eur*: And I
 First Conquer'd by your *sister*, next, your *selfe*,
 Make this confession of it. *Theag*: My Lords } *They lay downe*
 You see the warres are ended; If 't please you } *their Swords.*
 Let us put up our swords. *Clyr*: We'l shew the way, Sir.

Arch. Next since there's nothing wanting to Combine us,
 In one strickt *Union*, but the *Priest*, and *Temple*,
 Please you, we will to th' *Altar*, and there first,
 Conclude a lasting *peace*, And then our *Nuptials*. *Exeunt.*

Eurym. Lead on; I follow you. *Theag*: I mar'le, my Lord,
 Our *Amazons* appear not, with their brace
 Of *Pesset-makers*. *Mel*: They are but shifting faces; } *Enter Or*
 That they may laugh at us in their owne *shapes*. } *Irish: Thal:*
 See where they come. *Theag*: How's this? How's this? I'le pawn
 My life another *Comædy*: Let's stand,
 And over-hear 'em. *Mel*: Looke how they shew in *Helmets*.

SCÆNA

S C E N A VIII.

Enter Callias, Neander, Artops. Leading Orithya, Thalesis, Menalippe and Marthesia, with Helmets on, plumed as taken prisoners by them.

Call. Come, come along. Nay you shall know, most stout, Most sterne *Bellona's*, what 'tis to be traitours Against a *State*, Was this your errand? This Your faire pretence of having children by us, To betray those that should beget 'em? Now We know how you or'come the *Scythians*; You did invite them to your *Tents*, And there Conquer'd the *Men* by night, by day their *Country*.

Neand. What could you see in us to thinke us of A feeble Fabricke, or not so well built, Nor of such tough *Chines* as the *Thracians*, that You should so itch to sell us to 'em, for Nights Lodgings, And the transitory pleasure Of keeping of you waking? *Orith.* To the wrong You offer to our *Innocence*, and *Honours*, Y' are scurrilous and that is one wrong more Offer'd to our chaste eares. Your mouthes need washing; Or rather gelding. We project to betray you?

Art. Why, I beseech you, Lady *Telamon*, If I should aske you, And this Lady *Ajax*, Together with your two *Sarpedons* here, Was't not contriv'd, you in our absence should Seize on our *Magazine*? Then crested thus In your bright *Helmets*, (To which nothing lackes But a shield with a *Gorgons* Head, to turne Us into a stone, and conquer us with ill looks,) That you should sally forth upon us; And

Then

Then joyne, almost had said couple, with
 The *enemy*? You will deny this? *Thal*: Yes,
 And having had experience of your *valours*;
 Dare here maintaine the contrary with our swords,
 Two *women* 'gainst three *men*, without our *seconds*.
 We seize upon your *Magazine*? *Call*: So you'll
 Deny you did receive us at your *Tabernacle*,
 Your *Amorous Pavilion*: And that these two
 Sweet *Cymbal-beaters*, otherwise call'd *Drummers*,
 Did strike a false *Alarme*? *Neand*: Or that you hir'd
 Three Meager-halse-pin'd-Rascals, having first
 Depriv'd us of our eyes, to lead us thrice
 Round 'bout the workes, to lengthen out our progresse
 Towards the enemies campe; And there to be
 Arraign'd before a *Council* which consisted
 Of two she *Collonels*, two she *Clerks* of
 Your *Comfits*, and *Suckets*; two young Lords, who no doubt
 Enjoyed all that we came for. *Orith*: 'Tis confest, Sir.
 Had you enjoyed us, our *children* onely had
 Been valiant by the *mothers* side. *Art*: We'll have
 Our *Council* too; where we expect you shall
 Confesse your treason too, Against the *King*.
 March on before there. *Theag*: Pray stay Gentlemen;
 Where doe you lead these *Ladies*, thus three deep
 In *File*, without a *Drumme*? You are not going
 To teach 'em *postures*, are you? Or make a *muster*
 Of *four* commanded by *three*? *Mel*: If you mean
 To lead 'em 'gainst the *enemy*, to show
 Your *Fortitudes* before 'em, once more, surely
 The Warres are ended. *Call*: Sir, we are leading 'em
 To th' King; we have discover'd a foule *treason*. (plotters
Theag: How? *Neand*: Yes Sir, such a *treason*, and these the
 As does shew *women* make but th' other *twinne*
 With *mischiefe*; And that *falschood*, when it would

Betray

Betray men, still assumes their *shape*. *Art*: These Sir,
 Who can lodge *Serpents* 'mongst their *Roses*, and
 Smile o're their *treacheries*, But that we did
 Timely prevent 'em, would have put the Campe
 Into a *mutiny*. We did take these
 Two *Lady-Rhetoricks* mounting heapes of *Turfes*,
 Provided to make speeches to the *Souldiers*;
 T'inflame them to *rebellion*. *Mel*: 'Tis not possible.

Neand. Yes, Sir, and these two *Yeomen* of the gally pots,
 Were imploy'd, as we hear, to offer the
 Free use both of *themselves*, and *Ladies*, to
 All those who with them would forsake our side, (ger.
 And turne to th' *Thracians*. *Orish*: Wee will endure't no lon-
 These iron veiles cast off, thus we confute you. *They take off*

Call. How's this: *Orythia* and *Thalastria*? With *their helmets*.
 Their women *Menalippe* and *Marthesia*? (wormes.

Art. *Amazon-fighters* turn'd to our owne Court peace-
 And my two *Troilus's* transform'd to *Knitfers*?

Theag. They are our *Wives*. Was ever such a plot
 Laid by two *Women* to keepe their *Husbands* honest?

Mel: They've turn'd what I thought *fornication*
 Into the acts of *wedlocke*. How I love
 Such projects, where men are betray'd unto
 Their lawfull pleasure, and tempted to commit
Adultery with Innocence, and no sinne follow?

Thal. Pray view us well; And now our paintings off,
 (As you once pleasantly did stile us) pray,
 Officious *Gentlemen*; what other plot
 Can you discern in us, but to laugh at you?

Neand. This comes of *policy*; Our *wisdomes* have
 Made us three sage, discreet, deepe, most rare *coxcombes*.

Men. Ha, ha, ha; Sure they did expect the *King*
 Should knight 'em for their rare discovery. *Mar*: Or
 Preferre 'em to the *councel board*, and make 'em

Spies General of the State, Orith: Troth; *Gentlemen,*
If you intend to scape *Playes*, and at your
Returne home to *Chalcedon*, not to see
Your deeds brought on the *stage*, take our advice;
Travel 'till this be over. *Thal:* And be sure,
You keepe your selves from *duels*, Lest your *Country*
Doe suffer in your *Valours*. *Theag:* You see there is
No meddling with these *women*; I'll undertake,
They can change shapes, as often as shift Linnen.
The *Booke of Transformations*, which reports
Of *women* turn'd to *Baytrees*, and of *men*
Turn'd into *women*, bath no more *various formes*,
Then these can practice. *Mel:* Alas 'tis not your case
To be deceived. They did deceive us too.

Orith. We have two constant *Lords* of you. So't had been,
Had we been *Amazons* in earnest. *Theag*, you are
The two first *Ladies* that ere made their *husbands*
Cuckold themselves with their owne *wives*. *Thal:* By this
Good light 't would be but justice now to put
A *Court-trike* on you. *Mel:* Alas *Thalastria*, I
Discern'd you by your *brests*. *Th:* Be sure you lay } *Enter Arch.*
With your own *wife*. *Mel:* Look, *Gentlemen*, } *Eurym: &c.*
D' you know these *shapes*? Here comes the second part
Oth' *Metamorphosis*.

SCENA IX.

Enter two Priests carrying two hallowed Torches,
Followed by Archidamus leading Roxane,
and Eurymedon leading Barsene wait-
ed on by Clytus and Hippocles.

Arch. — Thus having made
Our *Realmes* one *people*, by the *league* and *knot*

We've

We've tyed before the Gods, you two proceed
In the last rites of this our Union,
And sing the Nuptiall Song.

The second Song, sung by two Priests,
holding two marriage tapers.

(1)

Behold these hallowed tapers, And here see,
What wells, and springs of fire they be.

How their two lusters twining

Make mutual shining.

Whil'st one from th' other kindled, doth requite
Is borrowed, with as great a light for light,

And kindles backe againe.

And thus combining rayes with rayes,
And joyning flames, like marriage dayes,
A holy Nuptial 'twixt them doe maintaine.

(2)

Yet these but the darke signes, and emblems be
Of those conceal'd fires, which none see

But Gods, and such whose eyes

Love glorifies,

Between these breasts a sacred flame doth spring,
Which intermingling rites, whil'st we doe sing,

Is to it selfe the Priest.

Whil'st heart with heart, thus intermoved,

And paires made one, the lov'd wish loved,

Themselves between themselves in hymens twist.

} The Song is seconded
} with a shout within.

-----Harke, harke. what is

The meaning of this shout and acclamation?

} Enter Lync:

} Polyd:

Lync:

Lync. Sir, the two *Armies* hearing that their *Princes*
Have stricke a *peace*, have first exchanged their *Armes*,
And next, in imitation of your *Nuptials*,
Which with this shout they celebrate, have cast
Themselves into new *postures* of *imbraces*.

Polyd. Did you behold 'em, you'd beleeeve there past
A mutual wedding between *Troope* and *Troope*,
And *Regiment* and *Regiment*. They want
Onely one of your *Priests* here to performe
The holy Ceremony between 'em, To
Make it a perfect Day of *Hymenaals*.

Arch. And so 't shall be. Nought now remaines, but that
We doe adde *Triumphs* to our *foyes*, and mingle,
Our *Feasts*, and *Dauunces* with our *Sacri fices*,
In thankfulnessse to th' *Gods*. Then *Princes* doe
Match truely, when their *Kingdomes* marry too.

F I N I S.
